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t. I. *Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain.* By Alexander de Humboldt. With Physical Sections and Maps Translated from the original French, by John Black. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 455, 531. Price 1*l.* 18*s.* Longman and Co. 1811.

THIS is a work of more than ordinary value, whether we consider the interesting nature of its subject, or the high character and qualifications of its author. Whoever turns an attentive eye to the Spanish possessions in America, and considers the immense tract of territory over which they extend, their population already numerous and capable of almost unlimited increase, the genial fertility of their soil and climate, the inexhaustible wealth of their mines, the facilities they afford to a spirit of adventure, the brilliant advantages this country in particular would derive from an unrestrained commercial intercourse, the instability of their present jealous and oppressive administration, and the wide field for speculation which opens in calculating the condition to which they are ultimately destined,—must doubtless acknowledge, that every thing in the shape of accurate and authentic information concerning these productive regions, is highly desirable:—and whoever reflects on the very inadequate and superficial statements hitherto published, must feel considerably indebted to the author of the volumes before us. M. Humboldt has been long celebrated both for his enterprize as a traveller, and his attainments as a man of science. Inately acquainted with the country he professes to describe, and eminently qualified for the task of describing it, he has presented us with an ample collection of valuable facts and observations; and the precise and specific character of his researches, may reasonably induce us to overlook his occasional dulness of manner, and the needless minuteness with which he sometimes dwells on comparatively unimportant details.—We shall lose no time in introductory remarks, but proceed at once to lay before our readers a condensed analysis of this ‘Political Essay’—as the translator

has rather unfortunately termed it; just observing that these two volumes are but a portion of M. Humboldt's performance, the whole of which we are given to understand has not yet reached this country if indeed it is yet completed by the author.

Nearly one third of the first volume is taken up with a geographical introduction, in which M. Humboldt, after remarking on the uncertainty that prevails in the geography of New Spain, (arising partly from the rigorous seclusion in which, till within a late period, it has been kept by the mother country, and partly from the long peace it has enjoyed since the commencement of the sixteenth century, proceeds to point out what he conceives to be the most proper means for speedily completing an accurate and comprehensive survey. He then gives a pretty copious account of the materials to which he has had recourse in constructing the map and drawings which accompany the *Essay*; in the course of which account, he takes occasion to introduce historical notices of the errors which have obtained in regard to the latitudes and longitudes of some of the principal cities in New Spain, and enumerates a considerable number of positions which he has himself ascertained, whether from astronomical observations, or trigonometrical and barometrical measurements. Mexico is fixed at N. latitude $19^{\circ} 25' 45''$ (not as erroneously printed in the translation p. xxi. 9° &c.) and W. longitude $6^{\text{h}} 45' 42''$ or $101^{\circ} 25' 30''$. This position, as many of our readers will perceive, is considerably different from what is given in by far the greater number of geographic drawings, and even from that assumed by Mr. Arrowsmith in his large and beautiful map of the West-Indies,—where it is placed at lat. $19^{\circ} 57' 0''$ and lon. $102^{\circ} 8' 0''$. We may just observe, in passing, that a good deal of this introduction might have been judiciously thrown into the form of notes or an appendix.

M. Humboldt begins his 'Essai Politique' by stating that he arrived in Mexico by the South Sea in the year 1803, having recently visited 'the province of Caracas, the banks of Oronooko, Rio Negro, New Granada, Quito, and the coast of Peru;' and that on comparing the scanty cultivation of these parts of South America, with the civilized appearance of New Spain, he was induced to study the statistics of this beautiful and extensive kingdom with particular attention. Residing at Mexico for a year, he was enabled not only to converse freely with intelligent persons, but to obtain access to a large variety of manuscript memoirs and official documents. The material thus acquired he combined with the results of his own pre-

us researches; and finding them too voluminous to be incorporated in the historical account of his travels, (part which is already published,) was induced to arrange them a separate work, under the title of *Essai Politique sur Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne.*

This work,' he continues, ' is divided into six grand sections. The book consists of general considerations on the extent and physical effect of New Spain. Without entering into any detail of descriptive natural history (a detail reserved for other parts of my work) I have examined the influence of the inequalities of the soil on the climate, agriculture, commerce, and defensive parts of the coasts. The second book treats of the general population and division of the casts. The third presents a particular statistical view of the intendancies, their population and area, calculated from the maps drawn up by me from astronomical observations. I discuss in the fourth book the state of agriculture, and of the metallic mines; and in the fifth the progress of manufactures and commerce. The sixth book contains researches on the reyenes of the state, and the military defence of the country.' I. p. 3.

Of these sections the present volumes comprehend the first, and part of the fourth. We shall consider them in order.

The Spanish possessions of the new continent, stretching from $41^{\circ} 43'$ of south latitude to $37^{\circ} 48'$ of north, are divided into nine large, and as it respects each other, independent governments—the *viceroyalties* of Peru, Buenos Ayres, New Granada, and Mexico, and the *capitanias generales* of Chili, Portorico, Caraccas, Guatimala, and Havannah, including the Floridas. Of these governments the first in point of rank, whether we regard its political importance, territorial extent, or commercial facilities, is Mexico or New Spain,—an appellation, which though conferred originally by Grijalva on the province of Yucatan, and afterwards used by Cortes to designate the empire of Montezuma, is now given generally to the whole extent of country, over which the viceroy of Mexico exercises his authority, and of which the 38th and 16th degrees of latitude may be considered as the northern and southern limits. In extent it is five times larger than the mother country, and may very probably, M. Humboldt conjectures, in the course of another century equal her in population. Although nearly one half of New Spain lies under the equinoctial zone, yet in general these equinoctial regions enjoy rather a cold and temperate, than a burning climate. Of this striking deviation from the usual circumstances of geographical latitude, the great breadth of the new continent towards the North, and the mass of snows with which it is covered, may doubtless furnish some explanation; but

the principal reason is to be found in the extraordinary construction of the mountains,—almost the whole interior of the viceroyalty of Mexico forming an immense plain elevated from six to eight thousand feet above the surrounding seas. The highest plains of Europe rarely exceed a fourth or fifth part of this measurement, and the levels which are sometimes met with in New Granada, Quito, and Peru, at the astonishing altitudes of from ten to fifteen thousand feet, can be considered only as insulated summits. But the table land of Mexico is in fact a flattened ridge of mountains—a prolongation of that chain which under the name of the Andes, run through the whole of South America—not torn and interrupted, as there, by vallies and crevices, but presenting the appearance of many ‘basins of old dried up lakes’ following one another in succession, and only separated by inconsiderable hills. M. Humboldt has illustrated this remarkable configuration by three vertical sections, in which are represented the eastern and western declivities of the soil from Mexico, and also the central table land as far north as the mine of Guanaxuato. The road to Vera Cruz advances for sixty marine leagues before a single valley occurs, the bottom of which is less elevated than 3280 feet above the level of the sea; but after this the descent is continued and laborious. The western side of the country, although furrowed by vallies, declines more gradually. Northward from Mexico as far as the city of Santa Fe in New Mexico (about 500 leagues) the surface is continually elevated from five to eight thousand feet—a height equal to that of Mount Cenis, the Gothard, or the great St. Bernard.

It is by this singular geological constitution that the climate, soil, productions, agriculture, internal commerce, and military defence of New Spain, are almost entirely modified. The coasts and some of the vallies are a good deal similar to the West-Indies, both in climate and fertility. On the declivity of the Cordillera, at the elevation of 4 or 5000 feet, a soft spring temperature prevails, which never varies more than four or five degrees; and the vegetation, nourished by aqueous vapours, is beautiful and abundant. The mean temperature of the table land of Mexico is about equal to that of Rome. Above this altitude from 5 to 7000 feet, the climate becomes cold and disagreeable, and the soil, covered with a saline efflorescence, presents an aspect of aridity.—Like the mother country, New Spain suffers from the want of water and navigable rivers. The lakes with which Mexico abounds, our author observes, appear to be annually on the decline.

and are merely 'the remains of immense basins of water which seem to have formerly existed on the high and extensive plains of the Cordillera.' Considered in respect to its communication with the rest of the civilized world, the physical situation of the city of Mexico, says Mr. Humboldt, is preeminently advantageous. 'A king of Spain, resident in this city might transmit his orders in five weeks to the peninsula in Europe, and in six weeks to the Phillipine islands of Asia,' while 'under careful cultivation the kingdom would alone produce all that commerce collects together from the rest of the globe.'—Owing to the 'current of rotation' which is perpetually heaping up sands, so as insensibly to contract the Mexican gulf, the eastern coast possesses fewer advantages for navigation than the western; and both coasts are exposed to violent tempests, which for several months render them inaccessible. The north-west winds which blow in the gulf from the autumnal to the spring equinox, are attended by the following singular phenomena.

'At first, a small land wind (*terral*) blows from the north west; and to this *terral* succeeds a breeze first from the north-east and then from the south. During all this time a most suffocating heat prevails; and the water, dissolved in the air, is precipitated on the brick walls, the pavement, and iron or wooden balustrades. The summits of the Pic d'Orizaba and the Cofre de Perote, and the mountains of Villa Rica appear uncovered with clouds, while their bases are concealed under a veil of demi-transparent vapours. These Cordilleras appear projected on a fine azure ground. In this state of the atmosphere the tempest commences, and sometimes with such impetuosity, that before the lapse of a quarter of an hour it would be dangerous to remain on the mole of Vera Cruz.' p. 84.

One chapter of this first book is devoted to the discussion of the interesting problem of the communication between the two seas, and nine points are indicated by which this communication might possibly be effected—the points of separation between the Ounigagah and the Tacoutche Tesse (supposed the same with Colombia) and those between the Rio del Norte and the Rio Colorado—the isthmuses of Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama, and Cupica—the River of Guallaga and the gulf of St. George—and the ravine from the Raspadura to the Choco. Some of these 'possibilities', however, seem to be thrown out as mere suggestions rather than as projects. Of the course of the Colombia river but a very small part is yet explored. A communication by means of the Rio del Norte and the Rio Colorado if practicable would be too circuitous; and the effect which an opening in the isthmus of Panama might have on the gulf stream

would require to be attentively considered. The nature of the ground is imperfectly known with regard to all the points of communication. It is remarkable that by means of a simple canal in the 'ravine' de la Raspadura, uniting the river of Noanama (or San Juan) and Quito, canoes laden with cacao are accustomed, when the rains are abundant, to pass *from sea to sea*. This interior communication has existed since the year 1788—though scarcely heard of in Europe. It would lead us too far to speculate on the probable consequences of a navigable opening in Mexico or Darien. M. de Humboldt in the conclusion of this chapter observes that

'Should such a canal of communication be effected, the production of Nootka Sound and of China will be brought more than 200 leagues nearer to Europe and the United States. Then only can great changes be effected in the political state of Eastern Asia; for this mass of land, the barrier against the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, has been for many ages the bulwark of the independence of China and Japan.' p. 45.

II. For a long time, M. Humboldt affirms, the population of New Spain has been progressively increasing. The total result of the enumeration in 1793 was 4,483,529. Since this enumeration, which, however, from various causes was not by no means complete, the increase has been exceedingly rapid; as appears from authenticated registers of baptism and burials, as well as from the great augmentation of tithes and other imposts, and the striking improvements which have taken place in agriculture and civilization. The average proportion of deaths to births is stated at 100 to 170: the proportion of births and deaths to the population as one in 17, and one in 30; the number of births as 350,000 and of deaths as 200,000*. In admitting 5,800,000 inhabitants for the kingdom of Mexico at the end of the year 1803, M. Humboldt thinks he has taken a number probably much *below* the existing population; and, reasoning from analogy, he considers it as extremely probable that in 1808 this population will exceed six millions and a half.

Of the 'physical causes' which have proved most destructive to the inhabitants of New Spain, our author has specified three—famine, the *matlazahuatl*, and the small pox. Great as the means of subsistence have multiplied, they are not yet fully equal to the wants of the population, so that when

* In another part of this work M. Humboldt has calculated the proportion of the sexes to each other: he finds that the male exceeds the female part of the population as 100 to 95.

a scarcity occurs, the mortality is dreadful. In 1784, it is conjectured, the number carried off by famine, and its attendant train of epidemics, was not fewer than 300,000. The *matlazahuatl* is a disease peculiar to the Indian race, not very dissimilar to the yellow fever. The ravages of the small pox, dreadful in former times to a degree almost incredible, have been greatly repressed by inoculation; and the introduction of the vaccine matter promises ere-long to banish it entirely. M. Humboldt has described the enthusiasm with which this salutary preservative was received, in a style of true French eloquence. It is somewhat singular, that the effect of cowpock matter in preventing variolous contagion has been long observed, by the country people among the Peruvian Andes.—Our author combats the supposition that the working of the mines of New Spain, is an employment particularly injurious to health; the Mexican miners, amounting in all to no more than 30,000, not being like the Peruvian Indians subject to the barbarous law of the *mita*, nor exposed to such sudden and violent transitions of temperature.

In Mexico, as in the other Spanish colonies, the population may be distinguished into seven races:—pure Europeans, vulgarly called *Chapetones*—*Creoles*, or whites of European extraction born in America—copper coloured indigenous *Indians*—*Mestizos*, or descendants of whites and Indians—African *negros*—*Mulattos*, or descendants of whites and negroes—*Zambos*, or descendants of negroes and Indians.

The number of Whites in New Spain is calculated at about 1,200,000, of which it is probable not more than 10,000 are *Chapetones* or pure Spaniards. Between these and the *Creoles* there exists an almost irreconcileable antipathy. The Spanish laws allow the same rights to both, but the government, partly from a suspicious policy, and partly from a spacious venality, bestows all the great offices and most of the subordinate employments on the former. The cast of the whites, it should seem, is almost the only one in which either great wealth or any thing like intellectual cultivation is found. The city of Mexico possesses more extensive and more solid scientific establishments than any city of the new continent; and considerable attention is paid to the fine arts, and to the sciences of botany, chemistry, mineralogy, mathematics, and astronomy.

‘The academy of painting and sculpture contains a finer and more complete collection of casts than is to be found in any part of Germany. We are astonished on seeing that the Apollo Belvidere, the group of Laocoön and still more colossal statues, have been conveyed through mountainous roads at least as narrow as those of St. Gothard;

and we are surprised at finding these masterpieces collected together under the torrid zone, in a table land higher than the great St. Bernard. The collection of casts brought to Mexico cost the king 200,000 francs.' [8334*l.*] M. Tolsa, professor of sculpture at Berlin, was even able to cast an equestrian statue of Charles IV; a work which with the exception of the Marcus Aurelius at Rome, surpasses in beauty and purity of style every thing which remains in this world in Europe. Instruction is communicated gratis at the academy. It is not confined alone to the drawing of landscapes and figures. The academy labours successfully to introduce among the artisans a taste for elegance and beautiful forms. Large rooms well lighted by Argand lamps contain every evening some hundreds of young people, of whom some draw from reliefs or living models, while others copy drawings of furniture, chandeliers, or other ornaments in bronze. In this assemblage (and this is very remarkable in the midst of a country where the prejudices of the nobility against the casts are so inveterate) rank, colour and race is confounded. We see the Indian and the Mestizo sitting beside the white, and the son of the poor artizan in emulation with the children of the great lords of the country. It is a consolation to observe, that under every zone the cultivation of science and art establishes a certain equality among men, and obliterates, for a time at least, all those petty passions of which the effects are prejudicial to social happiness.

' Since the close of the reign of Charles III. and under that of Charles IV. the study of the physical sciences has made great progress, not only in Mexico, but in general in all the Spanish colonies. No European government has sacrificed greater sums to advance the knowledge of the vegetable kingdom than the Spanish government. The botanical expeditions in Peru, New Granada, and Spain, have cost the state nearly three millions of francs [83,340*£.*] The city of Mexico exhibits a very interesting botanical garden, within the precincts of the viceroy's palace.—The principles of the new chemistry are more diffused in Mexico than in many parts of Spain. The school of Mines possesses a chemical laboratory; a geological collection arranged according to the system of Werner; a physical cabinet, in which we not only find the valuable instruments of Ramsden, Adams, Lavoisier and Louis Berthoud, but also models executed in the capital, even with the greatest precision, and from the finest wood in the country.—The taste for astronomy is very old in Mexico. There distinguished men Velasquez, Gama, and Alzate, did honour to their country towards the end of the last century.' pp. 212—218.

The wealth of the country is very unequally divided. A few individuals, those chiefly who have the working productive mines, being enormously rich, while the greater bulk of the people suffer all the hardships of extreme poverty. A similar inequality of fortune prevails among the clergy.

The proportion of *Indians* is larger than is commonly supposed: in general they appear to form about two fifths of the whole population of Mexico. M. Humboldt has entered into a long dissertation on their physical constitution, the

moral and intellectual character, and their social state, preceded by some ingenious, though not very satisfactory conjectures, respecting their origin*. The Indians of New Spain, we are told, bear a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil. 'They have the same warthy and copper colour, flat and smooth hair, small beard, squat body, long eye, with the corner directed upwards towards the temples, prominent cheek bones, thick lips, and an expression of gentleness in the mouth, strongly contrasted with a gloomy and severe look.' They attain in general to a pretty advanced age, and are remarkably free from every kind of deformity. In disposition they are grave, inactive, melancholic; taciturn when not drunk, and tyrannical when placed in power: they evince great obstinacy in adhering to their customs and opinions. Scarcely any other effect, our author observes, has resulted from the introduction of 'Christianity' among them, than a change of ceremonies.

'The natives know nothing of religion but the exterior forms of worship. The festivals of the church, the fire works with which they are accompanied, and processions mingled with dances and whimsical disguises, are a most fertile source of amusement to them. In the province of Pasto I have seen Indians masked, and adorned with small tinkling bells, perform savage dances around the altar, while a monk of St. Francis elevated the host.—The early missionaries not only tolerated but even favoured to a certain extent this amalgamation of ideas, by which means the *christian worship* was more easily introduced.'

Although the social economy of the Indians is much less abject now than it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, (the systematic slavery of the *encomiendas* having been annulled by Charles III. who prohibited also the *repartimientos*,) yet taken *en masse*, our author says, they still offer a picture of extreme misery.' Instead of being allowed to pay indirect duties and imposts, they are subject to an odious and degrading capitation tax; they are banished to the most barren districts; the whites are prohibited from settling in their villages; no act signed by them is valid; they are unable to contract any obligation 'beyond the value

* The Toultecs or Aztecs, he supposes, 'might be a part of those Hiongnoux, who, according to Chinese historians, emigrated under their leader Punon, and were lost in the north parts of Siberia.' This nation of warrior shepherds he adds, 'has more than once changed the face of oriental Asia, and desolated, under the name of Huns, the finest parts of civilized Europe.' The number of languages, however, still spoken in Mexico (exceeding twenty, of which fourteen have grammars and dictionaries tolerably complete) would lead us to infer a variety of races and origin. The language most universally diffused over the new continent, is the Aztec or Mexican.

of fifteen francs; and, in short, form a *status in statu*. The danger and impolicy of perpetuating this condition is pointed out very forcibly. Some of the Indians are *bonâ fide* slaves, the Spanish laws to the contrary notwithstanding. They are of two sorts, *poitos* and *mecos*. The former consist of those 'savage' Indians, who not having learnt to make the sign of the cross, are surprised and carried off in the predatory incursions of the missionary monks. The latter are prisoners taken in the petty warfare carried on almost without interruption on the frontiers of the *provincias internas*.

The remaining part of the population of Mexico consists of negroes—of which there are fewer than in any of the European colonies under the torrid zone, the whole number not exceeding 6,000—and of the various casts which spring from the mixture of the pure races with one another, amounting on a probable calculation to nearly 2,400,000. In general the degree of estimation in which these mixed races are held corresponds to their greater or lesser degrees of whiteness of skin—degrees which are discriminated with great nicety. M. Humboldt has concluded this division of his work by the following observations.

'The want of sociability, so universal in the Spanish colonies, the hatred which divides the casts of greatest affinity, the effects of which shed a bitterness over the life of the colonists, are solely due to the political principles by which these regions have been governed since the sixteenth century. A government aware of the true interests of humanity will be able to diffuse instruction, and by extinguishing gradually the monstrous inequality of rights and fortunes, will succeed in augmenting the physical prosperity of the colonists; but it will find immense difficulties to overcome before rendering the inhabitants sociable, and teaching them to consider themselves mutually in the light of fellow citizens.'—'According to the ideas which unfortunately have been adopted for ages these distant regions are considered tributary to Europe. Authority is there distributed not in the manner which the public interest requires, but according as the dread of seeing a too rapid increase in the prosperity of the inhabitants seems to dictate. Seeking security in civil dissensions, in the balance of power, and in a complication of all the springs of the great political machine, the mother country foments incessantly the spirit of party and hatred among the casts and constituted authorities. From this state of things arises a rancour which disturbs the enjoyment of social life.' pp. 259, 262.

III. The kingdom of New Spain, in its present state, is distributed into twelve intendancies and three provinces.* An

* 'Before the introduction of the new administration by Count Don Jose de Galvez, minister of the Indies, New Spain contained 1, el reyno de Mexico; 2, el reyno de Nueva Galicia; 3, el nuevo reyno de Leon; 4, la colonia del Nuevo Santander; 5, la provincia

ranging them according to their 'physical state' we have, under the temperate zone, the province of New Mexico, the intendancy of New Biscay, the provinces of old and new California, the intendancy of Sonora, and the intendancy of San Luis Potosi—a space of 82,000 square leagues with 677,000, souls, or 8 inhabitants to the square league: under the torrid zone, the intendancies of Zacatecas, Guadalaxara, Guanaxuato, Valladolid, Mexico, Puebla, Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, and Merida—a space of 36,500 square leagues with 5,160,000 souls, or 141 inhabitants to the square league.† Thus nearly seven eighths of the whole population are concentrated in the equinoctial part of Mexico; and of these inhabitants four fifths live on the high table lands. In the foundation of these territorial divisions, scarcely any attention appears to have been paid either to extent of territory or to numerical proportion of inhabitants. The intendancy of San Luis Potosi, for example, contains 27,821 square leagues, while that of Guanaxuato has not more than 911; and in Guanaxuato, again, there are 568 inhabitants to the square league, while in Durango there are not more than 10, and in Sonora not more than six. The following table will exhibit the results of M. Humboldt's statistical analysis of each province and intendancy. The first row of figures expresses the total amount of the population in 1803, the next the extent of surface in square leagues; and the last the number of inhabitants to the square league.

Intendancies.

Mexico	1,511,800	5,927	255
Puebla	813,300	2,696	301
Guanaxuato	517,300	911	586
Valladolid	376,400	3,446	109
Guadalaxara	630,500	9,612	66

Texas; 6, la provincia de Coahuila; 7, la provincia de Nuevo Biscaya; 8, la provincia de la Sonora; 9, la provincia de nuevo Mexico; 10, las provincias de la vieja y nueva California. These old divisions are still very frequently used in the country.'

† Another division of New Spain, which M. Humboldt lays before his readers is that indicated by its 'commercial relations or the situation of the coasts;—1, Provinces of the interior, New Mexico, New Biscay, Zacatecas, Guanaxuato; 2, Maritime provinces of the eastern coast opposite to Europe, San Luis Potosi, Vera Cruz, Merida or Yucatan; 3, Maritime provinces of the western coast opposite to Asia, New and Old California, Sonora, Guadalaxara, Valladolid, Mexico, Puebla, Oaxaca. In the military government of the *provincias internas* a considerable change, it seems, has taken place since M. Humboldt left Mexico.

Zacatecas	153,300	2,355	65
Oaxaca	534,800	4,447	120
Merida	465,800	5,977	81
Vera Cruz	156,000	4,141	38
San Luis Potosi	334,900	27,821	12
Durango	159,700	16,873	10
Sonora	121,400	19,143	6

Provinces:

Nuevo Mexico	40,200	5,709	7
Old California	9,000	7,295	1
New California	15,600	2,125	7

It would be fruitless to attempt to follow M. Humboldt step by step in his copious developement of these analytical statements: we shall therefore merely notice a few detached particulars.

More than a third of the second volume is occupied with a description of the city of Mexico, researches into its ancient state, an hydrographical survey of the valley of Tenochtitlan in which it is situated, and an ample historical account of the hydraulic operations which have at different times been carried on for the purpose of drawing the waters into the river Panuco, and protecting the city from inundations. When Cortez took possession of the Mexican capital he found it lying 'in the *midst* of the salt water lake'* Tezcuco, the 'finest of the five lakes' which are contained in the valley, and the least elevated of the whole series: but at present the centre of the city is distant from this lake nearly a league: and the dikes by which the ancient Tenochtitlan was connected with the main land are now paved causeways across marshy grounds. The water which flows in is not sufficient to replace that which is lost by evaporation: the trees, too, not only of the plain but of the surrounding mountains, have been inconsiderately destroyed: but the diminution is principally owing to the famous subterraneous passage, projected in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and called the *desague de Huehuetoca*. 'This cut in the mountain has not only reduced with very narrow limits the two lakes in the northern part of the valley (Zumpango and San Christobal) but has also prevented their waters in the rainy season from flowing into the basin of the lake Tezcuco.' The valley of T

* Tezeuco is strongly impregnated with muriate and carbonate soda; a crust of these efflorescent salts has covered every part from which its waters have retired.

nochtitlan is a basin surrounded by a circular wall of high porphyry mountains, the bottom of which is elevated 7468 feet above the level of the sea. The lakes 'which are so many natural recipients, in which the torrents deposit the waters of the surrounding mountains, rise by stages, in proportion to their distance from the centre of the valley or the site of the capital.'—Some of M. Humboldt's observations on the city of Mexico we shall lay before our readers.

'Adorned with numerous Teocallis like so many Mahometan temples,* surrounded with water and dikes, founded on islands covered with verdure, and receiving hourly in its streets thousands of boats which vivified the lake, the ancient Tenochtitlan, according to the accounts of the first conquerors, must have resembled some of the cities of Holland, China, or the Delta of Lower Egypt. The capital reconstructed by the Spaniards exhibits perhaps a less vivid, though a more august and imposing appearance. Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere. With the exception of Petersburg, Berlin, Philadelphia, and some quarters of the city of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the public places. The architecture is generally of a very pure style, and there are even edifices of a very beautiful structure.' 'The city is also remarkable for its excellent police. The most part of the streets have very broad pavements, and they are clean and well lighted. II. pp. 38—44.

'Nothing can present a more rich and varied appearance than the valley, when in a fine summer morning, the sky without a cloud, and of the deep azure which is peculiar to the dry and rarefied air of high mountains, we transport ourselves to the top of one of the towers of the cathedrals of Mexico, or ascend the hill of Chapoltepec. A beautiful vegetation surrounds this hill. Old cypress trunks of more than 15 and 16 metres [49 and 52 feet] in circumference, raise their naked heads above those of the schinus, which resemble in their appearance the weeping willows of the east. From the centre of this solitude, the eye sweeps over a vast plain of carefully cultivated fields, which extend to the very feet of the colossal mountains covered with perpetual snow. The city appears as if washed by the waters of the lake of Texcoco, whose basin, surrounded with villages and hamlets, brings to mind the most beautiful lakes of the mountains of Switzerland. Large avenues of elms and poplars lead in every direction to the capital; and two aqueducts, constructed over arches of great elevation, cross the plain, and exhibit an appearance equally agreeable and interesting. The magnificent convent of Sonora de Guadaloupe appears limited to the mountains of Tepeyac, among ravines which shelter a few date and young yucca trees. Towards the South the whole tract between the San Angel, Tacabaya, and San Augustin de las Cuevas, presents an immense garden of orange, peach, apple, cherry, and

* The form of the Teocalli is that of a truncated pyramid

other American fruit trees. This beautiful cultivation forms a singular contrast with the wild appearance, of the naked mountains, which inclose the valley, among which the famous volcanoes of La Puebla, Popocatepetl, and Iztaccicihuatl, are the most distinguished. The first of these forms an enormous cone of which the crater continually inflamed and throwing up smoke and ashes, opens in the midst of eternal snows. pp. 42—44.

‘According to the most recent and least uncertain data, the actual population of the capital of Mexico appears to be (including the troops) from 135 to 140,000 souls. The regular troops and militia in garrison are composed of from 5 to 6,000 men in arms. We may admit with great probability that the actual population consists of 2,500 Europeans; 65,000 Creoles: 33,000 Indigenous; 26,000 Mestizoes; 10,000 Mulattos. There are consequently in Mexico 69,500 men of colour and 67,500 whites; but a great number of the Mestizoes are almost as white as the Europeans and Spanish Creoles. ‘The Clergy of Mexico is extremely numerous, though less numerous by one fourth than at Madrid.’ pp 81, 82.

In the course of this division of his work, M. Humboldt takes occasion to introduce some interesting remarks on the volcanoes of New Spain. The most memorable of these is that of Jorullo in the intendancy of Valladolid, which was formed in the night of the 29th September, 1759.

‘The great catastrophe in which this mountain rose from the earth, and by which a considerable extent of ground totally changed its appearance, is perhaps one of the most extraordinary physical revolutions in the history of our Planet. Geology gives us no example of the formation, from the centre of a thousand small burning cones, of a mountain of scoria and ashes 517 metres [1695 feet] in height, comparing it only with the level of the old adjoining plains, in the interior of a continent 36 leagues distant from the coast, and more than 42 leagues from every other active volcano.’—‘In the month of June 1759 a subterraneous noise was heard. Hollow noises of a most alarming nature were accompanied by frequent earthquakes, which succeeded one another from fifty to sixty days to the great consternation of the inhabitants. From the beginning of September every thing seemed to announce the complete re-establishment of tranquillity, when in the night between the 28th and 29th, the horrible subterraneous noise recommenced. The affrighted Indians fled to the mountains of Aguasarcó. A tract of ground from 3 to 4 square miles in extent which goes by the name of *malpays* rose up in the shape of a bladder. The bounds of this convulsion are still distinguished in the fractured strata.

‘Those who witnessed this great catastrophe from the top of Aguasarcó assert, that flames were seen to issue forth for an extent more than half a square league, that fragments of burning rocks were thrown up to prodigious heights, and that through clouds of ashes illuminated by the volcanic fire, the softened surface of the earth was seen to sweep up like an agitated sea. The rivers of Cuitamba and San Pedro precipitated themselves into the burning chasms. The decomposition

the water contributed to invigorate the flames; eruptions of mud and especially of strata of clay, enveloping balls of decomposed batanes, appear to indicate that subterraneous water had no small share producing this extraordinary revolution. Thousands of small cones in two to three metres [6 to 9 feet] in height issued forth from the *malpays*. Each small cone is a *fumurola* from which a thick vapour ascends to the height of ten or fifteen metres. In many of them a subterraneous noise is heard which appears to announce the proximity of a fluid in ebullition.—‘It is worthy of observation, that the new volcano of Jorullo was formed on the same parallel with the ancient Mexican volcanos.’ pp. 210—220.

Of the commerce of New Spain M. Humboldt furnishes us with scarcely any information.—He concludes his statistical survey by ‘bestowing a rapid glance on the coast of the great ocean, which extends from the port of San Francisco, and from Cape Mendocino, to the Russian establishments in Prince William’s Sound.’ The interval which separates these establishments from the Spanish possessions is gradually diminishing; but it is more than probable, our author says, that ‘before the Russians shall clear this interval, some other enterprising power will attempt to establish colonies either on the coast of New Georgia, or on the fertile islands in its vicinity.’

IV. In the remaining portion of these volumes M. Humboldt discusses the agriculture of New Spain, to the gradually improving state of which he thinks it owes more of its prosperity than to the mines. In this opinion we are disposed to incur; but we are quite unable to perceive the force of those arguments by which he wishes to prove that the working of the mines is not at all injurious to the progress of cultivation. The distinction which he draws between a larger and smaller extent of territory, would lead us to conclude, that the evil does not exist in the former case, but merely that it is less sensibly felt. To the agriculture of a country like New Spain, where the land now under cultivation would support a population eight or ten times more numerous,* where deficiency in the maize harvest alone, brings with it all the horrors of famine,† where even the provinces of New Mexico and New Biscay are still separated by an inhospitable desert,‡—the agriculture of such a country, the employment, in mining operations, of an immense capital, of 30,000 persons in subterraneous operations, § of probably a much greater number transporting the mineral produce,|| and of beasts of burden to an incredible amount,** must, we are persuaded, notwithstanding the specious reasoning of M. Humboldt, be

II. 460. + I. 119. ‡ II. 309. § I. 124. || I. 119.

* In the mines of Guanajuato fourteen thousand mules are employed in the process of amalgamation. II. 444.

decidedly prejudicial. The injury has been overstated doubt, and the agricultural improvements may have been considerable; but it seems equally plain, that these improvements have been made in proportion as the gambling passion for mining adventures has declined.

The great bulk of M. Humboldt's chapter on agriculture however, is taken up with describing those vegetable productions of New Spain which form the chief subsistence of its inhabitants. These are the banana, the manioc, maize and the 'cereal gramina' of Europe—wheat, barley, oat and rye. The banana is confined principally to the warm and fertile region of the coast. The facility with which this singular plant reproduces itself is well known:

The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over arched, and echoing walks between.

It requires very little cultivation. By two days of moderate labour a man may procure subsistence for a week for a whole family; no other care being necessary than 'cut the stalks of which the fruit has ripened, and to give the earth once or twice a year a slight dressing by digging round the roots.' This exemption from labour, however as might be expected, is extremely hostile to the advancement of civilization.—Two species of manioc are cultivated by the Mexicans, the sweet and the bitter—the latter which in its native state is a very active poison, but when properly prepared makes a very nutritive bread. Still more important and extensive is the cultivation of the maize which may indeed be considered as the staple food of the people, as also of great part of the domestic animals. None of the gramina is more abundant or more unequal in its produce. European grain succeeds best in the temperate region of New Spain, and on grounds either natural humid or artificially irrigated.—Besides these productions M. Humboldt has enumerated several others, among which we may notice cotton, tobacco, and the sugar cane, cultivation of which has sensibly increased since the multuous events at St. Domingo.

We must here take a temporary leave of this instructive work, presuming that the ample abstract we have exhibited of its contents will supersede the necessity of recommending it by a studied encomium, and that 'the portion now presented' will be received with a degree of favour, fully sufficient to authorize the publication of the remainder of the *Essay*, as soon as it shall 'arrive in this country.' We have not much to say in behalf of the translation. It is thrown

too hastily to be done well. The sense is not always perspicuously given, and the style has no pretensions to connected fluency. We would suggest, that to print a French word in italics is not quite equivalent to translating it. We do not know what authority Mr. Black can plead for such words as 'époqua,' 'tutory,' 'flexility,' 'frigorification,' or for such phrases as 'almost no,' and 'chest! (bureau) of hydraulical operations,' and are apt to think that no authority will bear him out in asserting (Vol. I. p. 48.) that $400=1312$, and that $00=1968$. For these and similar inaccuracies he will plead, no doubt, the 'rapidity with which translations like the present *must* be executed;' but the public is not always so easily satisfied; and will very naturally inquire, whether the haste arises from a laudable eagerness to impart information, or from an interested avidity to distance competitors.—The translator's solicitude to ascertain the 'value of the different foreign measures, weights, and monies, and to convert them into those of our own country,' deserves praise, and some of his notes are pertinent and judicious. But others, we are sorry to observe, are the very reverse of this. The profane levity which Mr. John Black has manifested at p. 168. Vol. I, on a subject which called for more than usual serious reflection, cannot be reprobated too much. Should the remaining sections of M. Humboldt's work fall into the hands of this translator, we would strongly advise him to deliver no more lectures to missionary societies.

The maps and geological sections are neatly engraved, though on a scale far inferior to the splendid originals. The map of New Spain, indeed, is so ingeniously 'reduced,' as to be of scarcely any value without the assistance of a microscope.

Part II. *The Fall of Cambria, a Poem.* By Joseph Cottle. 12mo. 2. vols. pp. 532. Price 14s. Longman and Co. 1810.

OUR times are unfavourable, to the last degree, to the writers of that kind of poetry commonly called Epic; a denomination about which there has been, among critics, a vast deal of superstition—a denomination as fairly applicable, for what any of them can shew to the contrary, to any poetical narration of the great military transactions that have decided the destiny of a state, as to the Iliad—a denomination, therefore, which might with perfect propriety have appeared in the title-page of this work, had the author deemed it worth while to be tenacious of so small a point of rank. The present times, we observe, are unfavourable, because a great part of the impressive power of the heroic poem obviously depends on the contrast between such transactions as it narrates, and the or-

dinary course of human events. We have very naturally been accustomed to calculate the effect of this sort of poem, on an assumption that the fall of great states and monarchs, the extinction and creation of imperial dynasties, the exploits of great heroes, and such conflicts of arms as transfer whole nations to a new dominion, are things so rare occurrence as to be of themselves adapted to take possession of the utmost faculty of attention and wonder, and therefore to need nothing but the eloquence of poetry to give them an overpowering magnificence. In the plainest mode of representation they must rise before the view, it is presumed, with somewhat of the aspect of sublime mountains: the effect of their appearing in poetry will be as when those mountains are seen in the state of volcanoes.—But this high advantage of the epic poem—its having the province of celebrating a class of events which, in even the humblest style of recital, would be exceedingly striking to the imagination—is, along with many other high and prescriptive things, totally abolished in the present age. The fall of monarchs—the end of royal race—the catastrophe of empires—what solemn phrases these used to be, in the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of orators! How many pensive and awful reflections were they expected to awaken! To what a remote, and lofty, and tragical order of ideas were we supposed to be aspiring when we uttered them! But the time is at length come for such ambitious phrases to express but the ordinary events taking place within our sight. We are now become accustomed to reckon with great confidence, at the beginning of the year, that if we live to the end of it, we shall outlive some one or other ancient kingdom that is co-existing with us on the first of January. We take not the smallest credit for any unusual foresight in the prognostication; and when the event accordingly takes place, it seems so much a matter of course that should have happened, that it is not till after a considerable interval of reflection that the mind admits any very great impression of its importance. The impression is not much made by the event itself directly, as by our reflective wonder that it has impressed us so little. But before our direct and our reflective ideas of the magnitude of such an event are soon swept away by that incessant rapid progress of revolution, which is overturning another and another throne—destroying the boundaries of states—either reducing those states to the condition of provinces of a vast rapacious empire, or supplanting their ancient institutions by new forms and names of government—and consigning the hereditary monarchs and their courts to obscurity.

captivity, or driving them to the extremities and islands of Europe, or even to the other hemisphere. In this career of revolution, war has unfolded all its splendid and terrible forms, in such a crowded succession of enterprises and battles, with every imaginable circumstance of valour, skill, and destruction, that its grandest exhibitions are become familiar to us, almost to insipidity. We read or talk, over our wine or our coffee, of some great battle that has recently decided the fate of a kingdom, with an emotion nearly as transient as of an old bridge, carried away in our neighbourhood by a flood, or a tree overthrown by the wind or struck with lightning. It is, even after every allowance for the natural effect of iteration and familiarity, perfectly astonishing to observe what a degree of indifference has come to prevail in the general mind, at the view of events the most awful in their immediate exhibition, and the most portentous as to their consequences.

Now it is very evident that this state of the public mind must be unfriendly in the extreme, as we began by asserting, to the labours and hopes of epic poets. It is the chief object of their unfortunate task to excite the sentiments of awe and astonishment by the representation of events, for the most part, of greatly inferior magnitude to those (of the very same class,) which are just sufficing to keep up our newspapers and annual registers to the competent pitch for amusing us. It is true that the poets, by going back several ages for their subjects, have the advantage of exhibiting their heroes and great transactions with that venerable aspect of antiquity which is strangely imposing to the imagination; but this is more than counterbalanced in favour of the newspapers by the momentous and direct relation of the present events to our own interests. The poets, too, of the epic narrative, instead of occupying the mind so as to withdraw its attention from the present events, have a quite contrary operation, tending rather to reflect thoughts back to these nearer and greater objects. And this reflected attention involves comparison; which we shall be sure to make with a considerable degree of disposition to find the transactions of our own more magnificent than those of former ages. We shall thus be made to contemplate with more attention, and, through a kind of reacting pride, with more admiration, the events of the last year or month, consequence of the poet's challenging us with a pompous play of the battles and revolutions of remote periods,— that not only we are likely to behave ill to contemporary epic poets, but even Homer himself has need of the sanctity of antiquity, and all the surrounding

thongs of devotees of every time and nation, to protect him against the pert profaneness, with which we might be tempted to ask, 'What are all your conflicts on the Phrygian plain, and what is the fall of Troy, compared with what is taking place in our times about once every six months?' The author then of the 'Fall of Cambria,' will not be surprised to find himself partaking in some measure the misfortune which a revolutionary period has brought on poets by rendering what were once accounted the most inspiring subjects vulgar and almost insipid.

If this diminution of the interest of heroic poetry had taken place from any *other* cause, it would not perhaps have been regretted by a Christian moralist, who feels it quite time that the characters and actions which are so pernicious in fact, should cease to be attractive in description. The moral effect of exhibiting martial excellence in an attractive form would be very equivocal, even in a case with the best imaginable conditions. Some of these conditions would be that the contest should bear the clear evidence of perfect justice on the one side, and therefore iniquity on the other; that the defenders of the just cause should fight purely from the love of justice, not for military glory, as it is called; that the chiefs among these defenders should have so much general virtue, that their valour in a just cause should not be the means of seducing us into a partiality for some vice in another part of the character; and that the perhaps equally valiant combatants on the side of injustice should be so represented, as to become, by means of the other parts of their characters, or from the fact of their being on the side of injustice, so decidedly the objects of our antipathy, that their bravery, however splendid, should conduce nothing, towards conciliating us to the bad men, and the bad cause. It is doubtful whether careful observance of all these conditions, in a poem which should describe with the most animated eloquence (as might, without violating these conditions,) the most brilliant achievements of war, would be enough to prevent the achievements so described, from exciting a feeling of moral complacency towards the work of destruction than ought ever to be entertained towards it,—than it would be strict moral to entertain towards it even in a case in which it should be attended with all conceivable circumstances of justice. But if the moral influence on the reader's mind from a grand poetical celebration of heroes and heroic exploits, with even perfect justice on their side, a celebration too, conducted with a strict regard to all the other conditions above suggested, would be at the best equivocal, it is quite

needless to ask, what must naturally be the influence on his mind from the celebration of such wars as have actually made the grandest figure in poetry,—which poetry has, at the same time, violated all the conditions on which it might be just barely pardonable to display *any*, even the most righteous war, in attractive colours.

From the general character of Mr. Cottle's writing, we should conclude with confidence, that no poet ever had a higher respect for the purest principles of morality. There is strong evidence of this in the present performance. But the subject, like almost all such subjects, involved difficulties, which no dexterity could overcome. Was the subjugation of Wales, by Edward I. a just or an unjust achievement? If just one, then our feelings are engaged pointedly against justice by our sympathetic interest in the heroic and amiable character of the Welch Prince Llewellyn, and some of his associates, and the patriotic and enthusiastic energy of the people. If it was unjust, if it was an enterprize of wicked ambition in the monarch, and wicked loyalty in his chiefs, then it is an immoral lenity that we are tempted to exercise towards these workers of iniquity, by the magnanimity and generosity which the poet frequently makes them display. It is true, he has made some of the English leaders very detestable characters; but still, the characters of the men and the enterprize are not so managed on the whole, as to inspire such an entire detestation of the undertaking throughout, as we ought to feel if it was an iniquitous undertaking. Perhaps indeed the poet felt, and perhaps justly felt, that it would be accounted an unpardonable violation of courtesy and patriotism, to offer to English readers a work which, in celebrating a great national achievement, should represent our own country as atrociously in the wrong. But it is a striking disadvantage in the choice of a subject, that either justice must be compromised on the one hand, or a sentiment so invincible, and accounted so virtuous, as patriotism, systematically affronted on the other. We speak on the supposition of the English being in the instance in question, completely in the wrong.—It is another serious disadvantage of the present subject, that however much soever the English invasion may appear to be in the wrong, it is evidently to the advantage of both the nations that it should be *successful*, this being the only event that could for ever put an end to their wars, and to the savage condition of their border territory; and this also promising to the minor nation incalculable advantages in point of progressive knowledge and civilization. Thus a civil war is raised among our feelings, some of which are im-

precating discomfiture and punishment on the invader for his ambition, while others are desiring his success in order to the final pacification of two fiercely conflicting nations, whose strife, it is perfectly evident, will otherwise be cruel and perpetual, and in order to the civil improvement of the aggrieved state. The poet interests us at every step for the success of Llewellyn, over whose final defeat and whose death we are compelled to mourn, as over the fall of a virtuous hero, and a just cause, detesting the royal arm that inflicted the fatal blow: and yet this sympathy is confounded by our being equally compelled to reflect, that the life and victory which we wish him, would have been, on the wider scale of humanity, a far greater disaster.

Against the radical vice of epic poetry, its giving a pernicious fascination to the exploits of war, Mr. Cottle has evidently laboured earnestly, by endeavouring to throw as much of the interest as possible into the subordinate parts of the fable, and by occupying an unusually large proportion of the work with speeches of the principal personages. Still more directly he has done it by taking occasions to introduce, formally, many solemn reflections on the essential hatefulness of war, and the vanity of those martial qualities and feats, to which, however, he will in vain admonish those whom Christianity in vain admonishes, of the folly of applying such terms as glory and immortality. It may be from the meritorious singularity of sentiments in perfect unison with the highest moral and Christian principles, in a poem celebrating the exploits of heroes, that we are tempted to consider these passages as the best, in every sense, in the work.

As Mr. Cottle's performance has been a good while before the public, it is the less necessary for us to attempt any regular detail of its parts. It opens with a mixed narrative and description which we think may be quoted as a very fair specimen of the degree of ability with which active and picturesque scenes are exhibited throughout the work.

‘Of Cambria and her valiant sons subdued
By the first Edward, England’s lord, I sing.
‘The bright red clouds, were gathering in the west
As Edward, the renowned Plantaganet,
With earnest step and purpose resolute,
Toward Cambria’s realm urged on his warrior bands.
Eager they marched. Their prince with cheering smile
Now paus’d, and, on their way, seeking renown,
Welcom’d each passing company, whose line
Of glittering helmets, thro’ the extended vale
And o’er the distant hill pouring advanced,
Till the dim object, fading, died away.

* Nor did not joyance bound at Edward's heart,
 And hope inspiring, when so brave a force
 Impatient for the combat he beheld,
 Himself impatient,—heroes clad in mail,
 The waving banner, spear and hauberk bright,
 Catching the radiance of the setting sun ;
 Joy not sedate was his, when to the fight,
 Seeking Llewellyn, such a host he led,
 Anticipating glory, and the fruit
 Of that campaign, which promis'd the bright wreath
 Of ever-during fame !

The evening star

Faintly shone forth, as in the horizon 'peared,
 Fronting their path, Chester's brave battlements.
 Far off they rose, a cumbrous mass of shade,
 Obstructing the mild rays that still illumed
 The farthest sky, upon whose tranquil verge,
 The summer lightning at long intervals
 Flash'd harmless on the sight. The lofty towers
 (To which they hastened with a traveller's joy
 Who spies his home at last after long toil,)
 Now stand more manifest ; the embrasured wall
 The thin black aperture, the buttress huge
 Increasing momently, whilst, at each flash,
 That half disclosed the sapphire gates of heaven,
 The castle rose in radiant majesty
 Than crystal clearer ; then, a little space,
 Plunged into night, till o'er the canopy
 Again the white glare burst. Nearer they draw ;
 When, from the crowded ramparts, a loud shout
 Of exultation burst, friend hailing friend,
 Which Eve from drowsy listlessness aroused
 Into stern vigilance, whilst Echo sent
 Loud answers from her wood-crown'd mountains round. I. p. 1—3.

After this introductory display of warlike activity, however, the poem advances a great way before it brings the English and Cambrian heroes into full operation ; the interval being occupied with an account of the early life, and the matured character and purposes of Llewellyn ; with a negotiation for peace, carried on rather from the benevolent solicitude of the negotiator, an English prelate, than at the desire of the two hostile princes, while Edward was waiting to assemble all his forces, at Chester ; and by a variety of spirited and knightly adventures consequent on the capture, by the English, of Eleanor de Montfort, the earl of Lancaster's daughter, who had been long betrothed to Llewellyn, and now returning from France to be united to him, had just reached the Welch coast when she fell into the enemy's hands, and was conveyed to the castle of Gloucester. Throughout this interval, Llewellyn appears to very

great advantage, whether expressing the high sentiments of justice, patriotism, and heroism, in his speeches to his chieftains and to the English prelate; or distressed by the tenacious anxieties of the lover; or deplored, as a pensive moralist, the desolations of war, and the essentially unhappy condition of man in this world. The author evidently intended this prince as a hero complete at all points; as amiable and formidable; equally capable of yielding to the gentlest influences and defying the most terrific;—and he has fully succeeded. Llewellyn will be the high favourite of every reader: through every stage his apprehended fate is depicted; and the poet is hardly forgiven for even following the historian in the catastrophe, notwithstanding our absolute conviction of its having been a happy event for Wales and for humanity. We doubt whether our author's composition has so much energy anywhere else as in the speeches of this hero; though it appears to advantage in many other parts;—as, for instance, in the whole affair of the singular combat between Warwick and Talbot, occasioned by the dishonourable conduct of the latter towards Eleanor, who had a very generous and noble champion in Warwick. The whole series of adventures connected with this subject are related in a spirited manner.

After the entrance of the English army into Wales, there is, of course, a long and diversified succession of military exploits—sieges, surprises, and severe though partial conflicts, in which many gallant men on both sides made good their claims to the honours of history and poetry. The ascendant fortune of England is repeatedly checked by the prodigious bravery of the mountaineers; but is finally triumphant on the side of Snowdon, where Llewellyn falls by the hands of Edward. We will give the poet's own description.

‘Now the vast tempest swells, and deeper tones
Of horrid dissonance, rush through the air.
The buckler sounding loud—the helmet’s crash—
The shiver’d lance—the sword’s shrill contact keen,
Grating and harsh—the ponderous battle-axe,
With dying groan and ‘Mercy’s’ plaintive cry,
From prostrate valour, all commingling rise,
Rousing afresh to more stupendous wrath
The warriors furious arm! Transcendent deeds
Of noble enterprise, now are performed.
Death, drunk with blood, reels and forgets to count
The thronging multitudes that pass him by!
Men, great in arms, for ever close their eyes,
And ’mid the unheeded dead, are trodden down,
In pitiless confusion.—Spite of strength

And courage form'd in valour's sternest mould,
 The Cambrian's arm is slack! Llewellyn piles
 Death round him, whilst throughout the field of blood,
 He traverses and lays the mighty low,
 Seeking the royal crest! Edward hastens on!
 The lions meet! and now the fight begins!
 Llewellyn's buckler rings and Edward's shield
 Bears the deep scar! blow fast succeeding blow,
 From each, with crushing vehemence, descends!—
 Llewellyn's falchion snaps! and Edward's shield,
 Divided, falls to earth. The King, his sword,
 Plunged at the foe. The Cambrian's buckler wards
 The stroke of fate, and now, with arm to arm,
 Grappling, they strive! Such fearful vehemence
 Man ne'er surpassed. 'Avaunt!' the King exclaimed,
 Llewellyn cried, 'Avaunt!' Instant they part.
 A sword and shield from the surrounding heap,
 Sudden they seize, and rush again to arms!—
 Still fiercer is the conflict! fighting men
 Forget their strife, and, wondering, turn to gaze
 Upon the furious combatants! His sword,
 Llewellyn raised, and, with one vengeful blow,
 Put forth his latent nerve, resolved to bear
 All force before him, gorget, helm and shield!
 Edward upraised his buckler, the fierce blow
 Alighted like Heaven's bolt! awhile he reel'd,
 When, springing forward, with a sudden thrust,
 He plunged his sword, deep in Llewellyn's heart,
 The Hero falls, and Cambria is no more! Vol. II. pp. 254—256.

The scene which follows, and closes the work, however truly painted from history, does not harmonise well with the melancholy ideas accompanying the fall of the hero and the cause. When the surviving patriots, retaining, in spite of the calamity, their high spirit of independence, declare to Edward that they will not be a conquered people, that they will still have a prince of Welch nativity or perish, there occurs to him a trick by which he circumvents all this stern defying patriotism in a moment. During the campaign, his queen had been delivered of a son at a castle within the boundaries of Wales. Here, says the king is a true and unquestionable Welch prince for you; he shall be the man. The Cambrians were caught; they all instantly assented with shouts of triumph; the young native was formally denominated the Prince of Wales; and the whole concludes with a song of Lhyrarch celebrating this termination of the long struggle for independence in an event so joyous, and so promising of lasting peace and happiness.

There is a great deal to be praised in this poem. The

moral spirit of it, so far as the general exceptions we have before made do not interfere, is singularly excellent; faithful to the supreme authority of religion, and favourable to every thing amiable and dignified. The serious and pensive reflections which form a prominent distinction of the work, are often of a kind which the wisest men are most inclined to indulge. They sometimes reach a no small degree of abstraction; they indicate a deep sensibility, and an extremely attentive observance of its varying emotions. The narration will not perhaps be thought sufficiently rapid, but is generally very clear. The speeches will be thought much too long, notwithstanding that they are employed a good deal in carrying on the narration. Taking the narration as a whole, it is in a somewhat more settled form, perhaps than is required in a standard epic; but probably the author might consider himself as privileged in virtue of declining that proud title, to allow himself in a looser arrangement of his facts, and a more digressive and episodical mode of relating them. He holds himself always at liberty to protract the story of any collateral course of transactions as long as it will furnish good materials for poetry. Yet we think that most of these collateral narrations will be found tending towards the main purpose of the story, like streams which, while wandering in distinct and even distant fields or vallies, are still winding towards a confluence. At the same time the fable has much of the simplicity of history; not attempting the intricacy and artifice of construction which distract the reader's attention between the bearings of the plot, and the intrinsic quality of the successive portions of the composition, and which make so much of the interest of the work depend on curiosity, that, when once that is satisfied, the work becomes comparatively an object of indifference.—Mr. C. never scruples to suspend the course of events to dilate on the moral reflections they have suggested; or to give time for a lengthened lyrical performance by the bards Caradoc or Lhyrarch, (which will not be considered as among the best parts of the work); or to describe those grand or beautiful scenes of nature which these descriptions prove the author to have contemplated with a fixed silent attention, a perception of something deeper than shades and colours, a reflective mysticism, we may so call it, and a recognition of an all-pervading spirit. No doubt some of the ideas suggested amidst the imaginative musing, will appear strained and bordering on conceits, but many are within the laws of just analogy, while ingenious and subtle. Examples of both are found

Lhyrarch's 'Song of the Ocean.' The poet has given great variety to his descriptions, by taking full advantage of the romantic scenery of Wales; as well as of the picturesque array of war and fashion of manners in a chivalrous age. As to characters, there is such an enormous multitude of heroes going up and down throughout all literature, as to have rendered the heroic character familiar to the imagination, and to make it comparatively easy for the poet, to exhibit his personages in the correct general shape and features of this character, both in its more generous and its more vicious form. Along with this success of general delineation, we think our author has reached the higher point of giving heroes substantially of the same order, an individual complexion of character by which, for instance, Edward, Warwick, and Llewellyn, are clearly discriminated from one another. The Cambrian prince especially is strikingly distinguished by tenderness and enthusiasm. A high degree of this latter quality is made to distinguish the Cambrians in general from their invaders; and to the predominance of this quality the strains of the bards are made materially to conduce.—The poet's language is wrought with care, and is in general equally removed from meanness and classical pomp; but sometimes, apparently to avoid the latter, suffered to sink into a certain degree of feebleness. The versification has a sufficient variety of pauses, and a prevailing smoothness and facility.

Art. III. *Life of Torquato Tasso*; with an Historical and Critical Account of his Writings. By John Black.

(Concluded from page 975.)

AS the letters of Tasso written during his confinement are extremely curious and interesting—exhibiting a lively representation of the state of his mind and the symptoms of his disorder at that period—we shall lay several extracts from them before our readers.

'I shall content myself at this time with relating the disturbances I receive in study and in writing. Know then, that these are of two sorts, human and diabolical. The human are laughter full of derision, and shouts of men, and youths, but especially women; and various cries of animals, which are harrassed by men to disquiet me; and voices of things inanimate, which are moved by the hands of men. The diabolical are enchantments and witchcraft; but of the enchantments I am not certain, as the rats, of which the chamber is full, and which seem to me possessed of the devil, may naturally occasion they do, and not merely by diabolical art. Some other sounds also, which I hear, may be referred to their origin, to human artifice. But, whatever may be thought of the enchantments, I hold it to be certain that I have been be-

witched, and the operations of witchcraft are very wonderful. whenever I take a book to study, or a pen to write, I hear the of voices in my ear, in which I can, as it were, distinguish the of Pavolo, Giacomo, Girolamo, Fulvio, and Francesco, and others, perhaps, are malignant persons, and envious of my quiet. And if be not such, they would act courteously if they would endeavour remove the bad opinion of them which I have conceived on account of their evil acts. At that time, also, more than any other, vapours ascend to my head, although very often I write before eating so that, in short, my ideas are exceedingly disturbed. And if it happens that with these external impediments, internal ones, as often is the case, concur, I am excited to extreme rage, so that often I do not end letters, but tear them, and again transcribe.' Vol. II. p. 101.

‘ To day I received your two letters, but one of them disappeared soon as I had read it, and I believe that the *Folletto* (Sprite) has carried it off, because it was that in which he was spoken of. This is one of the wonders which I have frequently seen in the hospital. Hence I am certain that they are the operations of some magician, of which, indeed, I have many proofs, but especially from a loaf taken visibly from before my eyes, and a plate of fruit which vanished one day. The same thing has happened with other provisions, at a time, too, when nobody entered my prison. I might mention a pair of gloves, letters, books taken from locked chests, and found in the floor. Some others, indeed, I have not found, nor do I know what has become of them; but as to those which go a missing when I am absent, these may have been taken from me by men, who I verily believe have the keys of all my trunks. Then you see that I cannot defend any thing from my enemies, nor from the devil, except my will, with which I shall never consent to learn any thing from him, or from his followers.—In addition to the wonders of the *Folletto*, I have many nocturnal alarms. For, even when awake, I have seemed to behold small flames in the air, and sometimes my eyes have sparkled in such a manner, that I dread the loss of sight, and I have visibly seen sparks issue from them. I have seen also, in the middle of the tent-bed, shades of rats, which, by natural reason, could not be there. I have heard frightful noises; and often in my ears are the sounds of hissing, tingling, ringing of bells, and sounds like that of a clock. Often there is a beating for an hour; and sometimes in my sleep, it seems as if a horse threw himself upon me, and I have afterwards found myself languid and fatigued. I have dreaded the falling sickness, apoplexy, and blindness; I have had headaches, but not excessive; pain, but not very violent, of the intestines, the side, the thighs, and the legs: I have been weakened by vomiting, dysentery, and fever. Amidst so many tempests and pains, there appeared to me in the air, the image of the Glorious Virgin, with her son in her arms, sphered in a circle of coloured vapours, so that I ought by no means to despair of her grace. Although this might easily be a phantasy, because I am frenetick, disturbed by various phantasms, and full of infinite melancholy; nevertheless, by the grace of God, I can sometimes *cohibere assensum* (with-hold my assent,) which, as Cicero remarks, being the operation of a sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was a miracle of the Virgin. But, if I

deceived, the source of my frenzy is to be attributed to some con-
tions which I ate three years ago.' Vol. II. p. 169.

'I must now give you some account of my sprite. The little thief
stolen from me many crowns, I know not what number, for I do
like misers, keep an account of them, but perhaps, they may amount
twenty. He puts all my books topsy-turvy, opens my chests, and
seals my keys, so that I can keep nothing. I am unhappy at all times,
especially during the night, nor do I know if my disease be frenzy,
what is its nature. I find no better remedy than living fully, and satis-
fying my appetite, that I may sleep profoundly. As to food, indeed, by
the grace of God, I can eat abundantly, for the object of the magician
seems not to have been to impede my digestion, but my contemplation.
Often, however, I fast, not from motives of devotion, but because my
stomach is full ; but at such times I cannot sleep. Look upon me with
compassion, and know that I am unhappy, because the world is unjust!'
Vol. II. p. 175.

'I have hitherto seen no symptoms of a change to the better, or
other things are getting worse, because my chum, the devil, not having
the quiet possession of me which he expected, is become a manifest
thief of my money. He deprives me of it when I sleep, and opens my
chests, so that I can guard it no longer, and therefore I send your lord-
ship the remainder to keep for me. I pray that you will try to deliver
me from the hands of the devil, along with my books, which are in no
degree safer than my writings.' pp. 175, 176.

The author remarks in his preface, that Tasso's misfor-
tunes are considered, in some measure, the national secret
of his country ; and that although he should be much gra-
tified if his work, as a literary performance, were to gain
the suffrage of the public, yet it is as a work of inquiry and
research into the causes of the poet's mental disorder and
confinement, upon which he is desirous to rest its claims.
We think that Mr. Black has completely succeeded in
proving that Tasso's mental alienation and confinement
have been erroneously attributed to love for the princess
Leonora of Este ; and that he is equally successful in de-
veloping the actual causes of the poet's disorder,—which evi-
dently appears to have been occasioned principally by the
excessive circumstances that arose out of the revision of
his poem. But he is much less happy, we think, in his
manner of accounting for Tasso's confinement. Alphonso,
he says, cordially hated the family of the Medici, and
was, moreover, of a very violent and implacable disposition ;
he was extremely offended, therefore, with Tasso for
wishing to quit his service for that of the Medici, and
the poet's confinement was the consequence of his patron's
anger on that account. Now one of the arguments made
use of by the author, when contending that the confine-

ment of Tasso ought not to be ascribed to his love for princess Leonora, is, that the problem will admit of a better solution from other elements ; and he proceeds with all gravity to remark, that Newton has established it as a principle of philosophizing, that no more causes are to be assigned for the explanation of natural events, than what, besides being true, are sufficient to explain the phenomena. The novel maxim appears to us to bear with equal, if not greater force, against the mode of explanation which the author himself adopts. Tasso had discovered symptoms of mental derangement so unequivocal, that sending him to hospital for safety and for cure was surely a perfectly natural proceeding ; and therefore to go in quest of other motives seems quite needless. Indeed the author himself admits that 'if it were not certain, from several circumstances, that Alphonso was irritated, it is so far from being necessary to suppose his ordering Tasso into confinement to have proceeded from a spirit of vengeance, that it might be allowed as a proof of his humanity and benevolence.' Now it is by no means clear to us, that there is sufficient reason for believing the duke to have been so much irritated against Tasso as the author imagines. Alphonso's resentment on account of Tasso's wish to enter into the service of the Medicis if he felt any at all, very soon subsided. It appears from the author's own narrative that the Duke continued to treat Tasso with great kindness, even after he had been apprised of his views in regard to quitting his service. Besides, for some time prior to his leaving Ferrara, Tasso had abandoned his intention of going to Florence, nor does it appear that when Alphonso sent him to St. Anne's, he had any reason for conceiving that the poet had resumed that intention. It is true, that Tasso complains of harsh usage when in the hospital, but the author does not pretend to bring any accusation of cruelty against Alphonso upon that account. He thinks it probable, that at first admission into the hospital, Tasso, as a lunatic, might have been treated with some degree of severity ; but affirms, that if a system of co-ercion were practised at all, it was temporary only, and that Tasso was afterwards indulged with every accommodation and comfort which the nature of his situation would admit. He was also frequently permitted, under the protection of a friend, to leave the hospital, and remain abroad during the day ; he was allowed to visit churches and monasteries, as well as the houses of his friends ; and was even present at masquerades and other public amusements. With respect to the tricks which appear to have been too

sten practised upon the poor bard during his confinement, Alphonso can by no means be considered as responsible for these proceedings on the part of the people of the hospital. Indeed, the author himself is a little dissatisfied with his hypothesis; and in the appendix expresses considerable doubt whether the Duke of Ferrara can justly be accused of having acted with any degree of harshness or oppression towards the unfortunate poet,—whose history we must now resume.

To the frequent applications made by Tasso and his friends for his release, the Duke invariably replied, that his only design in confining Tasso was to cure him, and that when convalescent he should be set at liberty. At length, in July, 1586, he was released, through the intercession of Don Vincenzo di Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua, after confinement of rather more than seven years.

He accompanied the Prince to Mantua, where, being treated with much kindness, he was, for a time, highly pleased with his situation. But, as usual, he soon grew restless and unhappy. 'I cannot,' says he in a letter to a friend, 'live in a city where all the nobility do not yield me the first place, or allow, at least, that I should be their equal in every external demonstration of respect. This is my humour or my principle.' Such being his humour it is not surprising that he should imagine himself neglected. Shortly after he writes,

'I am in very bad health, and so melancholic, that I am accounted mad by others and myself; since, not being able to conceal so many vexing thoughts, so many disquietudes of an infirm and perturbed mind, I break forth into very long soliloquies, which, if they are overheard by any one, (and they may be heard by many,) my designs are known to a number of people, and what I hope, and what I desire. The true medicine of the mind is philosophy, and it is a remedy which I often apply to its infirmities. Hence, I begin to laugh at my misfortunes, and at all the disfavours which I receive; what more? I laugh also at the bad opinion which men have of me, and at my past folly, by which I confirmed it. This laughter, however, is so allied to fury, that I have need of hellebore, or of some such medicine, which may heal my body, full of vicious humours, and may purge my stomach, from which certain vapours ascend to the brain, that disturb my discourse and reason.' Vol. II. p. 214.

In October, 1587, Tasso left Mantua and went to Rome, where, after a very short interval of tranquillity, he became more disquieted and melancholy than ever. Hoping, says his biographer, like other sick people, to find rest by a change of posture, he determined to visit Naples, expecting to obtain from justice the dowry of his mother,

or from favour the property of his father, which had been confiscated.

He arrived at Naples about April, 1588, and took up his residence with the monks of Mount Olivet, whose monastery was most beautifully situated near that city. Here he was visited by different persons; and it was now that he first became acquainted with Manso Marquis of Villa. At the house of this nobleman he was frequently entertained, and on one occasion spent several weeks with him at Bisaccio. The marquis in a letter to a friend, gives the following curious account of a conversation between Tasso and a spirit.

‘ The Signior Torquato is become a very mighty hunter; and triumphs over all the asperity of the season and the country. When the days are bad, we spend them, and the long hours of evening, in hearing music and songs. Sometimes, too, we dance with the girls here, a thing which likewise affords him much pleasure; but chiefly we sit conversing by the fire, and often we have fallen into discourse of that spirit, which, he says appears to him. One day he said, “ since I cannot persuade you by reasoning, I shall convince you by experience. I shall cause you with your very eyes to see that spirit, the existence of which my words cannot influence you to believe.” I accepted the proffers, and the following day, as we were sitting by ourselves together by the fire, he turned his eyes towards a window, and held them a long time so intensely fixed on it, that, when I called him he did not answer. At last “ Lo !” said he, “ the friendly spirit which has courteously come to talk with me, lift up your eyes and you shall see the truth. I turned my eyes thither immediately, but though I looked as keenly as I could, I beheld nothing but the rays of the sun, which streamed through the window. And while I still looked around without holding any object, Torquato began to hold, with this unknown something, a most lofty converse. I heard, indeed, and saw nothing but himself; nevertheless, his words, at one time questioning, at another replying were such as take place between those who reason strictly on some important subject. And from what is said by the one, the replies of the other may easily be comprehended, though they be not heard. The discourses were so lofty and marvellous, both by the sublimity of the topics, and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that, exalted above myself into in a kind of ecstasy, I did not dare to interrupt them, nor ask Torquato about the spirit. In this way, while I listened between stupefaction and rapture, a considerable time had elapsed, till at last the spirit departed, as I learned from the words of Torquato, who turning to me, said, “ from this day forward all your doubts shall have vanished from your mind.” And I, “ or rather they are increased; since, though I have heard many things worthy of marvel, I have seen nothing like what you promised to shew me.” He smiled and said “ you have seen and heard more of him than perhaps—” and here he paused. Fearful of importuning him by new questions, the discourse ended, and the only conclusion I can form is, that it is more likely that his vision

or frenzies will disorder my own mind, than that I shall extirpate his true or imaginary opinion.' Vol. II. p. 237.

Tasso returned to Rome in December, wandering from place to place, seeking rest but finding none. His letters written at this period present a very gloomy picture of the state of his mind. 'I am still,' says he, 'molested by fever, enfeebled by long infirmities, terrified at fortune, and the narrow faith of men. Constrained as I am to doubt every danger, and above all, oppressed with melancholy, I can find nothing which will console me, possess nothing which can cheer me, nor imagine any thing which can hinder me from despair.' Having received several very pressing invitations from the Prince, now Duke of Mantua, he left Rome, but proceeded no farther than Florence; for, delighted with the favour shewn him by the Grand Duke, he prolonged his stay, not only till he grew tired of that city, but repented of his journey altogether; and instead of passing on to Mantua as he intended to do, hurried back to Rome. Soon afterwards, desirous of prosecuting the law-suit which had been commenced for the recovery of his mother's dowry, he took another journey to Naples, where he was kindly entertained by the Prince of Conca and the Marquis of Villa.

Notwithstanding his ill health, dejection of mind, and roving life, Tasso never relaxed in his attention to his studies, but was constantly engaged in some literary undertaking or other. It is frightful, says Mr. B., to consider the number and greatness of his exertions; and had he possessed the most vigorous constitution, it is impossible he could ever have been well. He had now finished his *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, which was given to the world in December 1593, being dedicated to Cardinal Cynthio, in whose house he, at this time, resided. The altered poem was greatly preferred by the author himself to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, but is, in reality, far inferior. The one, says the author, resembled Tasso when he composed it in his youth; it was embellished by love, by beauty, and strength; the other, like the same poet in his declining years, was languid, joyless, and severe; reason and judgment might indeed be seen, but ardour and fancy had fled away. Tasso was also much engaged at this period in the composition of his *Sette Giornate* or *Seven Days of Creation*, a poem which death prevented him from finishing.

The summer of 1594 Tasso spent at Naples, and in November returned to Rome, for the purpose of being crowned with laurel in the capitol,—the pope and the senate having

decreed him the honour of a triumph ; but the ceremony was deferred for the sake of more propitious weather, till the spring. Fortune now seemed again disposed to smile upon him. He was in great favour with the Pope, who granted him a considerable pension, and his lawsuit having also been brought to a favourable adjustment, he found himself more easy and independent in his circumstances than he had ever been before. His mind, too, seemed more composed, and the 'sovereign Reason' more firmly seated on her throne. But the blessings of prosperity and mental health which had so long deserted him, now returned only to attend their possessor to the tomb. His shattered and feeble frame was fast hastening to decay : his constitution had been materially injured by the medical treatment adopted for the cure of his mental disorder ;—the physicians of that age conceiving, like the ancients, that strong cathartics were the best remedy for melancholy. The ceremony of his coronation had been fixed for the month of April, at which period of the year similar honours had been conferred upon Petrarch. But as the time drew on, he experienced such an aggravation of his disorder that, feeling his end approaching, he caused himself to be removed from his apartments in the Vatican to the monastery of Sant' Onofrio, being desirous 'to have his soul, by the assistance of the good fathers there, prepared for its departure.' Of the mystical rites, by virtue of which the dying poet attained the delightful assurance that he should be crowned, not with the laurel as a poet into the Capitol, but with glory as a saint to Heaven, the author gives, *con amore*, a particular and most edifying account ! Tasso expired on the 25th of April, 1595, in the fifty second year of his age, and his remains were interred in the church of Sant' Onofrio.

From the concluding chapter, which is devoted to a description of the person and manners of Tasso, with remarks on his moral qualities and intellectual endowments, we could with pleasure make copious extracts, but must content ourselves with the following.

'The conversation of Tasso, though no doubt sensible and judicious, does not appear to have been gay or brilliant. His soul was naturally lofty, his conceptions elevated, his look pensive, and his manners dignified ; and upon the whole he had too large a portion of what Milton calls "a tragic sadness and gravity." This might indeed in some measure be attributed to his misfortunes ; but I am doubtful if he ever possessed much of that mobility of imagination, that facility, that rapidity, that abandonment and gaiety which give a charm to social intercourse. Gravity, indeed, was, in the age and country of Tasso, numbered among the virtues. There was another quality of Tasso, which, in the scenes into which destiny threw him, must have greatly impeded his fortune, as it not

made him enemies, but delivered him into their hands. This was an uncommon frankness and openness of nature, which, however, if it be not itself a virtue, is *their* very common attendant. It proceeds, in general, from a heart free from guile, and which, therefore, is at once unconscious of others, and unconscious of any thing which it thinks necessary to dissemble; or it may arise from an upright dignity of soul, which sees or hears with abomination all that is base and wicked, and in which the love of truth is a true passion. There are some persons, too, of a sensibility so powerful, that, whoever happens to be with them, is at that moment to them the world; their hearts involuntarily open, they are prompted by a strong desire to please, and they thus make confidants of their sentiments, people, whom in reality they regard with indifference.³ p. 346, 352.

The author informs us that Tasso had the good fortune to be born of most pious parents, who educated him in the love and fear of God, and that through his whole life he was animated with a spirit of the warmest piety. The darkness of his fate, says Mr. Black, had a tendency to turn his views beyond this world, as night which hides the earth, reveals the sky. Indeed the author is never tired of asserting that Tasso was one of the most religious of men. In our view, however, his title to superior sanctity appears much more questionable than his claim to the meed of poetical merit. We admit that there may not have been chargeable with gross immoralities. It would be presumptuous to gainsay the declaration of his father confessor, who, saith Mr. Black, testified that, for many of the latter years of his life, he had been free from the taint of any mortal sin. The poet, it is very possible, may have been not only an exemplary devotee, walking in all the rites and ceremonies of the rubrick blameless, but an orthodox catholic, and an implicit believer in all the dogmas of his church. And yet, in spite of the visit which he paid to the sacred shrine of Loretto, and all the other acts of devotion which are adduced to prove the predominating power of religion over his mind, we are still unreasonable enough to suspect, that he was too much devoted to the pursuit of literary renown to feel any great ambition for the attainment of that nobler kind of 'glory, and honour, and immortality,' which religion has to bestow. It is impossible to read his letters without being convinced, that a thirst for human applause was the master passion of his soul. The obstacles which stood in the way of the gratification of this passion, occasioned a disappointment so severe as to disorder his reason and drive him to despair. But had he possessed that palladium of the soul which can enable a man to take arms and stand up with boldness against assailing troubles, it is not probable that his strength would utterly have failed him in the

hour of need, and that his noble mind would have been completely overthrown and laid desolate by the tempest of worldly sorrow. Though religion cannot prevent, it can often frustrate the attacks of misfortune ; and can always soothe the anguish of a wounded spirit, and administer strong consolation to the afflicted. With this source of consolation, it is to be feared, Tasso was but little acquainted ; it would be least be difficult to collect from his numerous letters and hints from which the contrary can be inferred,—except, indeed, that he does, on one occasion, express considerable satisfaction on reflecting that he had never held any opinion contrary to the holy Catholic church, nor had ever conversed with heretics or read any of their books.

We were much struck with the peculiar gravity and paradox of manner which the author assumes, whenever he has occasion to describe any of those acts of devotion, which he considers as affording such decisive proof of the pious disposition of the poet. The solemn, reverential, and believing air with which he speaks of absolution, the real presence, extreme unction, and so forth, is quite remarkable. Had his book been written and published in Italy, with the fear of the Inquisition before his eyes, he could not have expressed himself more like a good Catholic upon these subjects. We wish, however, he had expressed himself on these and other occasions more like a Christian. He concludes some observations on the general infelicity of men of genius, and the melancholy which often accompanies great talents, (Vol. I. p. 184.) by remarking, that, as happiness consists in an equilibrium between our inclinations and the means of satisfying them, and as the desires of human beings are vast in proportion to their genius, the life of a man of genius must be spent in continual aspirations, and he will often be the most restless and dissatisfied of mankind, tormented by fretful impatience and a vacancy of heart, amid all the puerile enjoyments of life. Mr. Black appears to be much better acquainted with the causes and symptoms of the disorder than with its antidote. He might otherwise with the greatest propriety have proceeded to remark, that as men of genius, for the reasons assigned, are more exposed to unhappiness than other men, the consolations of that religion which encourages the mind to 'rest and expatriate in a life to come,' must to them be peculiarly suitable and necessary ; and that, although genius of itself often proves but a source of misery to its possessor, yet when genius and piety are united in the same individual, and act in concert, it is impossible to conceive of a more enviable character.

We have been detained so long by Tasso's eventful story, that in our remarks upon his writings we are compelled to be very brief. We the less regret, however, the necessity of this compression, since criticism has absolutely exhausted itself upon the subject. Our readers must be so well acquainted with every thing, absolute or relative, that has been or can be said about Tasso's popular and enchanting poem, that they will not be sorry to escape another critical lecture upon the many beauties and the few defects of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. They do not want to be told for the thousandth time, that Tasso has treated a very happy subject in a very happy manner ; that the plot is well conducted, and that the diversified incidents are skilfully connected with the main design. Nothing needs to be said to convince them that the characters are nobly conceived and well supported ; nor can they require much instruction to teach them how to be amused and delighted with the enchantments, spells, and romantic adventures,—the bewitching beauty of the descriptions, and the majesty and sweetness of the numbers. One word, however, with Mr. Black, who, from admiring the soldiers of the cross, as exhibited by the poet, has actually become a very respectful admirer of the crusades themselves. He maintains, that they sprang from a laudable principle—the veneration which men naturally feel for places which have been the theatre of important events ; that they were dictated by the soundest policy—by a wise spirit of resistance to the barbarous hordes which over-ran Asia and threatened Europe ; and that, by aiding the progress of civilization, they were in their consequences, as all historians agree in affirming, eventually beneficial to Christendom. To which we briefly reply, in the first place,—that a right principle may be carried too far, and that, admitting a love for the holy land to be laudable, the outrageous zeal of the crusaders was not duly regulated by other principles of much greater importance : secondly, that the proceedings of these holy warriors were most evidently neither prompted nor guided by policy, which could have managed the affairs in a very different manner ; and lastly, that historians are by no means agreed in opinion as to the beneficial effects of the crusades,—Gibbon, for instance, asserting, that he considers these fanatical and depopulating wars as having checked, rather than forwarded the prosperity of Europe ; and that, even admitting their propitious influence, such influence was incidental only, and therefore can avail nothing in determining the justice or policy of the enterprize.

Although Mr. Black seems to be upon his guard against

giving occasion for charging him with the easy-besetting sin of biographers,—moulding their hero into a God, and then falling down and worshipping the work of their own hands; yet we cannot say that he has kept perfectly clear of such idolatry. And though Tasso is not, to be sure, quite such a calfish deity as some of them are, and Mr. Black anticipates and hopes to soften the censures of others on this score by first censuring himself, yet we think it right just to hint our opinion upon the subject.—Another biographical offence to which Mr. Black must plead guilty is, that of giving too much scope to the faculty of invention; making out obscure facts with too great an appearance of certainty and distinctness; attributing to defunct personages sundry thoughts and feelings on the mere strength of conjecture; reasoning upon these hypothetical premises with too much confidence; and indulging, in short, rather too freely in those conveniently amplifying modes of speech—‘might,’ ‘perhaps,’ and ‘probably.’ Of this description is the account we are amused with (Vol. i. p. 118) of the rapturous meeting between Tasso and his father at Mantua, when the youthful poet had renounced his law studies. It is taken for granted that Bernardo had got the better of his ill humour on account of Torquato’s determination to be a poet, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary; and had forgiven him for choosing to follow his example rather than his precepts. ‘The sight of an only son must have given the old man inexpressible joy. With what pride must the young poet have communicated the glorious images which fascinated his imagination, and with what rapture must they have inspired the aged bard!’ And then comes a grand piece of fine writing in the shape of a climax. ‘To embrace after long absence a son is much! to clasp an only son is more!!—but to hold to one’s heart a son distinguished among mankind by his deeds, or by his genius, is ecstasy not to be conceived!!!’ Our author’s observations upon Tasso’s separation from his patron the Cardinal, in France, are equally satisfactory and conclusive. It seems the parting was a most unfortunate circumstance ‘for himself, and perhaps, the admirers of his poem. Had Tasso lingered a few months longer, he would have witnessed the terrible scenes of St. Bartholomew; his feelings’—especially when we consider that one of the causes assigned by Tasso for his having incurred the displeasure of the Cardinal, is the zeal which he shewed in France for the Catholic religion—‘his feelings must have been wounded in the highest degree by the view of Fanaticism armed with her poniard *might* have disgusted him with religion, and he would have ceased, per-

haps, to describe a war of which piety (which he had considered as the cause) might be only the pretence.'

We see little to condemn in our author's style, which is usually fluent and perspicuous, and sometimes forcible and elegant. In his comparisons, indeed, he frequently errs in not keeping the two parts of the simile properly distinct. In the preface, for example, we meet with the following sentence. 'It is well known that in the sciences, as in the political order, things must have reached a certain maturity, and genius must be born at a fortunate period in order to produce a revolution, or to gain its highest flight.' Now we cannot conceive how these words could possibly have contrived to arrange themselves in any other order than the following. 'As in the political order, things must have reached a certain maturity to produce a revolution; so in the sciences, genius must be born at a fortunate period, to gain its highest flight.' In the following sentence we meet with another glaring instance of the confusion which arises from blending the subject of the comparison with the object to which it is likened. 'Happiness, like the violet, is not to be found upon the mountain where the oak combats with the storm, but diffuses its odours in the vale of life, where unassuming virtue pursues the noiseless tenor of her way.' Pref. p. 34. 'To reject and plunge himself into low descents,' (II. 280.) we consider as "a vile phrase, a very vile phrase." The signs of the future tense, shall and will, are not always correctly applied. The epithet 'wrongous,' too, on this side of the Tweed at least, makes but an uncouth appearance, and 'to expel dejection,' is a kind of mixed metaphor not often met with, except in the conversation of those whose knowledge of language is confined to their mother tongue.

'We think, however, that the author has, upon the whole, executed his task in a very respectable manner. We have to thank him for the most complete Life of Tasso which has ever been given to the world. Be it remembered, too, that this is the first literary effort of a young author; a circumstance which, though far from constituting of itself a legitimate claim to our suffrage, must at least add to the pleasure which we feel in bestowing upon the work that tribute of applause which its intrinsic merits justly demand. We consider the interesting story of Tasso's life as well told; the reflections occasionally introduced are, in general, sensible, appropriate, and free from affectation; and the critical and argumentative parts of the work bear an honourable testimony to the talents, good taste, and discrimination of the author. Mr. B. fears lest he should be thought to have

said too much concerning the lunacy of the unfortunate poet. For our own part, we have attended him with peculiar interest in his developement of the origin and the nature of Tasso's mental derangement, and are far from deeming that portion of the work the least valuable, which presents us with 'a detailed case of melancholia.' We sincerely join in the wish expressed by the author, 'that the materials here collected for the beneficent labours of the mental physician, may contribute to the rising interest for the insane.' We rejoice to think that the unhappy victims of insanity are more and more considered as objects of moral discipline, and look forward with satisfaction to a time when the barbarous and absurd mode of treatment, still we fear too often practised in many a private receptacle for lunatics, shall be laid aside for ever.

To each of the volumes is added a copious appendix. Among other articles we meet with a long dissertation concerning James Crichton, commonly called the admirable Crichton, whom the author regards as no better than one of those literary mountebanks, so numerous in that age, who were despised by men of talents and reputation. Jealous of the honour of Vincenzo di Gonzaga, the patron of literature and the friend of Tasso, Mr. B. makes rather an unsuccessful attempt to prove that prince to have been innocent of the young Scotsman's death. The discussion, however, is not uninteresting, though but little real information is added to the researches of Dr. Kippis.

Art. IV. *Six Lectures on the Elements of Plane Trigonometry: with the Method of constructing Tables of Natural and Logarithmic Sines, Cosines, Tangents, &c.* By the Rev. B. Bridge, A. M. Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Mathematics in the East India College: 8vo. pp. iv. 83. Price 4s. Cadell and Davies. 1810.

IN the course of the last four years we have given accounts of two treatises on Trigonometry, both by able mathematicians, and both works of ingenuity, though one of them is lamentably defaced by pedantry, and prejudice and bad taste.* Our attention is now called to another tract on the same subject. In point of magnitude it is inferior to its predecessors, but may safely challenge a competition with either of them in point of ingenuity, correctness, and perspicuity. For those students who wish only to acquaint themselves with the elements of *plane* trigonometry, Professor Bridge's work, though a mere pamphlet, will furnish a very valuable manual. If they wish to study spherical trigonometry also, we cannot do better than refer them to Mauduit or to Bonnycastle.

* See Ecl. Rev. Vol. IV. p. 52. and Vol. VI. p. 25.

Mr. Bridge's Lectures are devoted to the following topics and inquiries:—the mutual relations of the sine, tangent, cosine, secant, &c. to each other and to the radius of the circle: geometrical investigation of the fundamental properties of arcs and angles: the determination of sine, cosine, tangent, and secant, of 30° , 45° , 60° , arithmetically: the finding sines of various arcs, by means of the expression for the sine of half an arc; investigation of formulæ for the construction of trigonometrical tables: method of constructing a table of sines, cosines, versed sines, tangents, cotangents, secants, and cosecants: methods of constructing logarithmic tables: solution of the cases of plane triangles: mensuration of heights and distances.

It would be unreasonable to expect, that where so many particulars are introduced into the narrow space of 83 pages, every separate discussion should be exhausted. The grand objects must be to select with judgement, and to exhibit investigations and results with perspicuity. In these respects Mr. Bridge has succeeded admirably. As a mathematician, indeed, perspicuity seems to be his principal characteristic. Many portions of these lectures afford striking proofs of his excellence in this particular; and we should gladly quote them, were it not that they require the aid of diagrams. The Professor's demonstration of the formulæ

$$\sin. A \cos. B \pm \cos. A \sin. B$$

$$\sin. (A \pm B) = \frac{\sin. A \cos. B \mp \cos. A \sin. B}{R}$$

$$\sin. (A \pm B) = \frac{\sin. A \cos. B \mp \cos. A \sin. B}{R}$$

has the advantage of being concise, and at the same time universally applicable to all arcs, whether either, both, or the sum of them, is less or greater than a quadrant.

Limited as we must be in our quotations to passages which may be understood without a diagram, we can only extract the two subjoined specimens of the theoretical part of this work. In the first of these, various formulæ are deduced from the expressions for the sine and cosine of $(A+B)$. The four primitive formulæ are denoted by C, D, E, —F. Mr. Bridge divides his formulæ into three classes:

CLASS. I. This class consists of formulæ immediately derived from these expressions by *Addition* and *Subtraction*.

Formula I.

Add (D) to (C), then

$$\sin. A+B + \sin. A-B = 2 \sin. A \times \cos. B,$$

$$\text{and } \sin. A \times \cos. B = \frac{\sin. A+B}{2} + \frac{\sin. A-B}{2}.$$

Formula 2. *Subtract (D) from (C), then*
 $\sin. \overline{A+B} - \sin. \overline{A-B} = 2 \cos. A \times \sin. B,$

$$\text{or } \cos. A \times \sin. B = \frac{\sin. \overline{A+B}}{2} - \frac{\sin. \overline{A-B}}{2}.$$

Formula 3. *Add (E) to (F), we have*

$$\cos. \overline{A+B} + \cos. \overline{A-B} = 2 \cos. A \times \cos. B;$$

$$\therefore \cos. A \times \cos. B = \frac{\cos. \overline{A+B}}{2} + \frac{\cos. \overline{A-B}}{2}$$

Formula 4. *Subtract (E) from (F), then*

$$\cos. \overline{A-B} - \cos. \overline{A+B} = 2 \sin. A \times \sin. B,$$

$$\text{or } \sin. A \times \sin. B = \frac{\cos. \overline{A-B}}{2} - \frac{\cos. \overline{A+B}}{2}.$$

Class II. In the *second Class*, I place such formulæ as may be immediately derived from those in Class I. by making $A+B=P$, and $A-B=Q$; in which case $A=\frac{1}{2}P+Q$, and $B=\frac{1}{2}P-Q$; then, from

Formula 1. $\sin. P + \sin. Q = 2 \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P+Q} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P-Q}.$
..... 2. $\sin. P - \sin. Q = 2 \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P+Q} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P-Q}.$
..... 3. $\cos. P + \cos. Q = 2 \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P+Q} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P-Q}.$
..... 4. $\cos. Q - \cos. P = 2 \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P+Q} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{P-Q}.$

But it is evident that it is not necessary to consider P and Q as the sum and difference of A and B , any longer than whilst the substitution is actually making. When this substitution is once made, the expressions containing P and Q become true for any arcs whatever; to preserve therefore an *uniformity of notation*, I shall put A and B for P and Q in these latter expressions, and we then have,

$$\text{Formula 5. } \sin. A + \sin. B = 2 \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}.$$

$$\text{Formula 6. } \sin. A - \sin. B = 2 \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}.$$

$$\text{Formula 7. } \cos. A + \cos. B = 2 \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}.$$

$$\text{Formula 8. } \cos. B - \cos. A = 2 \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}.$$

Class III. In this class I place the formulæ which arise from *dividing* those of the 2d Class by each other in succession, and then substituting *sine* for *cosine*, and *cotangent* for $\frac{\cosine}{\sine}$; Thus:

$$\text{Formula 9. } \frac{\sin. A + \sin. B}{\sin. A - \sin. B} = \frac{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \frac{\tan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}}{\tan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}$$

$$\text{Formula 10. } \frac{\sin. A + \sin. B}{\cos. A + \cos. B} = \frac{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \frac{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}} = \tan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}$$

$$\text{Formula 11. } \frac{\sin. A + \sin. B}{\cos. B - \cos. A} = \frac{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \frac{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \cotan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}.$$

$$\text{Formula 12. } \frac{\sin. A - \sin. B}{\cos. A + \cos. B} = \frac{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \frac{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \tan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}.$$

$$\text{Formula 13. } \frac{\sin. A - \sin. B}{\cos. B - \cos. A} = \frac{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \frac{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}}{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}} = \cotan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}.$$

$$\text{Formula 14. } \frac{\cos. A + \cos. B}{\cos. B - \cos. A} = \frac{\cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \cos. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}{\sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B} \times \sin. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}} = \frac{\cotan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A+B}}{\tan. \frac{1}{2} \overline{A-B}}.$$

To this class may be added *three* other formulæ, which arise from making $B=0$ in formulæ 10, 11, 12, 13, or 14; in which case, $\sin. B=0$, and $\cos. B$ (= radius) = 1.

Formula 15. Make $B=0$, in formula 10, or 12; then,

$$\frac{\sin. A}{1 + \cos. A} = \tan. \frac{1}{2} A = \frac{1}{\cotan. \frac{1}{2} A}.$$

Formula 16. Make $B=0$, in formula 11, or 13; then,

$$\frac{\sin. A}{1 - \cos. A} = \cotan. \frac{1}{2} A = \frac{1}{\tan. \frac{1}{2} A}.$$

Formula 17. Make $B=0$, in formula 14; then,

$$\frac{1 + \cos. A}{1 - \cos. A} = \frac{\cotan. \frac{1}{2} A}{\tan. \frac{1}{2} A} = \frac{\cotan. \frac{1}{2} A}{\tan. \frac{1}{2} A} \text{ or } \frac{1}{\tan. \frac{1}{2} A}^2.$$

pp. 30, 33.

The following method of finding the value of the modulus in any system of Logarithms, will be worth the attention of young analysts: though we could have wished the author had shewn that in every system of logarithms the modulus is always

equal to the log. of the series $1 + \frac{1}{1} + \frac{1}{1.2} + \frac{1}{1.2.3} + \frac{1}{1.2.3.4} + \dots$,

or to the log. of 2.718281828 in that system.

* In the solution of the equation $ax = N$, we found x or log.

$$N = \frac{N-1 - \frac{1}{2}N-1^2 + \frac{1}{3}N-1^3 - \dots}{a-1 - \frac{1}{2}a-1^2 + \frac{1}{3}a-1^3 - \dots} \text{ &c.}$$

Given number (N) will therefore depend upon the value of a ; and it is evident that there will be generated *different* systems of logarithms for the same numbers, according to the value of the first assumed quantity (a), which is therefore called the base of the system;

and M or $a-1 - \frac{1}{2}a-1^2 + \frac{1}{3}a-1^3 - \dots$ &c.—is called the modulus of that system.

Let $M = 1$, then $\log. N = \sqrt{N-1} - \frac{1}{2}(\sqrt{N-1})^2 + \frac{1}{3}(\sqrt{N-1})^3$, &c.; and the particular system of logarithms thus generated are called from their inventor, *Napier's Logarithms*; and from their use in the quadrature of the equilateral hyperbola, they are also called *Hyperbolic Logarithms*.

Now let $\sqrt{N-1} - \frac{1}{2}(\sqrt{N-1})^2 + \frac{1}{3}(\sqrt{N-1})^3$, &c. = μ ; then $\log.$

N (in the system whose modulus is M) = $\frac{\mu}{M}$;

Hyp. log. N (or in system whose modulus is 1) = μ ;

Hence (with modulus M) $\log. N = \frac{\text{hyp. log } N}{M}$,

and $\text{hyp. log. } N = M \times \log. N$.

Hyperbolic logarithms are therefore changed into *others whose modulus is (M)*, by *dividing* by M ; and logarithms *whose modulus is (M)* are changed into *hyperbolic* logarithms by *multiplying* them by (M) .

Again, since $\log. N = \frac{\text{hyp. log. } N}{M}$,

let $N = a$; then $\log. a = \frac{\text{hyp. log. } a}{M}$.

But (Sect. 86. Lect. 14. *Alg.*) $\log. a = 1$; (1)
 $\therefore M = \text{hyp. log. } a$.

In the *common* system of logarithms $a = 10$; hence, in *that system*, $M = \text{hyp. log. } 10$; we must therefore find the hyp. log. of 10.

Now $\log. 10 = \log. 2 \times 5 = \log. 2 + \log. 5$.

Let $M = 1$; then (Sect. 22),

$$\dots \dots \text{ Log. } 2 = 2 \times \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3 \cdot 3^3} + \frac{1}{3 \cdot 3^5} + \text{ &c. to 7 terms} \dots \dots = .69314718$$

$$\dots \dots \text{ Log. } 3 = 2 \times \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2 \cdot 3^2} + \frac{1}{2 \cdot 3^5} + \text{ &c. to 10 terms} \dots \dots = 1.09861228$$

$$\dots \dots \text{ Log. } 5 = 2 \times \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{4 \cdot 3^3} + \frac{1}{4 \cdot 3^5} + \text{ &c. to 6 terms} + \text{log. } 3 = 1.60943791$$

From which we deduce,

$$\text{Hyp. log. } 2, \text{hyp. log. } 5 = .69314718 + 1.60943791; \\ \therefore M = 2.30258509. \quad \text{pp. 46-48}$$

All our author's investigations which relate to matters of pure theory, are conducted with as much simplicity and

(1) Or, take the logarithm of the equation $a^x = N$; then $x \times \log. a = \log. N$. but $x = \log. N$, $\therefore \log. a = 1$.

elegance as the foregoing. But when theory and practice are intermingled, or when he descends to practice solely, he does not succeed quite so well. We trace, for example, no advantage in dividing the solutions of plane triangles into *seven* cases. There are, in fact, but three that are essentially different; except, perhaps, a fourth he made to shew the peculiar method of solving right angled triangles, by what is called technically, “*making either nine radius.*” On the other hand, the cases and examples given to illustrate the mensurations of heights and distances, are by no means sufficiently numerous: and in those exhibited, the operations are not always conducted by the shortest methods. Thus in case 2, p. 73, where the angles of elevation of an object, G I, at two given stations, M and L, on a horizontal line are known, the height, G I, is found by two distinct operations, in each of which three terms are known to find a fourth. But it may be found at once: for

$$R^2 G I = \sin. M. \sin. L. \operatorname{cosec.} (L - M) ML.$$

or $\operatorname{Log.} G I = \operatorname{Log.} \sin. M + \operatorname{Log.} \sin. L + \operatorname{Log.} \operatorname{cosec.} (L - M)$
 $+ \operatorname{Log.} M L - 30.$

In this theorem M denotes the angle of elevation at the station farthest from the object whose height is required. This part of the work may, in a future edition, be much improved by the introduction of some of the examples from Hutton's and Dalby's courses of Mathematics, or from Keith's Trigonometry.

To make amends for these omissions, Mr. Bridge has introduced a ‘section on the method of constructing the map of a given surface, finding its area, measuring an arc of the meridian passing through it, &c. &c. by means of a series of triangles.’ As far as it goes, this section is written with ability: but instead of *three* pages the subjects it contains would furnish matter for *fifty*; and must after all be considerably compressed. The application of plane and spherical trigonometry to the surveys of large tracts of land, the measuring arcs of the meridian, &c. is highly interesting; and calls into exercise some of the most refined expedients in analysis. A treatise on these subjects, freed from every thing extraneous, and brought within a moderate compass, is still a desideratum. Much that is highly valuable may be found in Colonel Mudge's ‘Account of the Trigonometrical Survey,’* in Delambre's ‘Base of the Metrical System,’ and in Puissant's ‘Geodesia’: but these are large quarto volumes, ill suited to the convenience of students at academies and colleges.

* Ecl. Rev. Vol. I. pp. 128, 199.

Mr. Bridge, has given a section on the French division of the circle, and the reduction of measures in the French to the English division, and *vice versa*; which, though falling in the introductory part of the work, we mention here, because it is of a *practical* nature, and, like other practical parts of these lectures, is susceptible of improvement. Mr. Bridge reduces French degrees and decimals to English degrees and decimals, by subtracting from the quantity given in the French scale, its *tenth*; and, on the contrary converts English to French measures by adding to the quantity in the English scale, the *ninth* part of it. Now in the first of these cases, it is merely necessary to multiply by the decimal .9; and in the second, to divide by the same decimal .9. Applying this method to Mr. Bridge's last example p. 5, we detect a trifling error. $23^\circ 27' 58''$ of the English scale are equal to $26^\circ 7' 35''$, not $26^\circ 17' 35'$ of the new French decimal scale.

In pointing out these minor blemishes, in a treatise where we see so much to commend, we have been influenced by a sincere desire to contribute to its improvement. With the same friendly intention, we would request Professor Bridge to put A H for A G at line 7, p. 9; to omit the long line at the top of radical expressions, whenever the omission does not lead to ambiguity; to omit the sign of multiplication whenever by its omission ambiguity is avoided and to throw surd expressions into the numerators, instead of the denominator of fractions. Thus instead of

$$\sqrt{\frac{\text{ver. sine} \times \text{radius}}{2}},$$

$$\sqrt{\frac{1 - \sin^2}{2}},$$

$$\sin. A \times \cos. B + \cos. A \times \sin. B, \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}, \frac{2}{\sqrt{3}}, \text{ &c.}$$

$$\text{we would substitute } \sqrt{\frac{\text{ver. sin. rad.}}{2}}, \sqrt{(1 - \sin^2)},$$

$$\sin. A \cos. B + \cos. A \sin. B, \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{3}, \frac{2}{3}\sqrt{3}, \text{ &c.}$$

These may appear slight alterations to inconsiderate readers, but some of them are important in practice, and all of them desirable in respect of elegance.

On the whole we admire these lectures highly. They will be serviceable, we doubt not, to many young mathematicians, besides those for whose use they are more immediately intended. We feel no hesitation, therefore, in giving them our warm recommendation; and sincerely hope the Professor will soon be able to avail himself of our suggestions.

The work is printed by R. Watts, late printer to the University.

versity of Cambridge: and we think it due to his ingenuity to add, that it bears evident marks of the neatness and accuracy of the acknowledged reformer of the Cambridge press.

Art. V. *Wallace: or, the Fight of Falkirk: a Metrical Romance.*
4to. pp. 248. Price 11. 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

THIS poem has been for some time before the public; and, though it first appeared anonymously, is now offered to the world, we observe, as the avowed production of a lady, Miss Holford—whose name we do not recollect to have before noticed among the literary claimants on public applause. We regret that unexpected engagements should have prevented us from paying an earlier attention to her performance; more especially, as the disclosure of the fact we have just mentioned, has imposed on us a much more difficult and delicate task, than we foresaw when the poem was first laid on our table. Professional critics, it is taken for granted, are of all men the most temperate and impartial, — ever disposed to award the fullest respective justice to the merits and defaults of every subject within their jurisdiction. But when a lady appears for the first time before them, and boldly presents them with a quarto volume, and a quarto volume of poetry too, they of course feel an obligation to summon into more than ordinary exercise the native principles of their most benevolent sympathy, their soundest judgement, and their purest taste.

In the front of the volume our author has thought proper to inscribe her poem to a female friend, in a few stanzas written in the measure of Spenser, containing, we think, needless apology for her selection of a Scottish theme, and ending with an almost idolatrous apostrophe to our venerable and since afflicted sovereign. Next succeeds her preface; in which, with true amazonian independence, down she throws the gauntlet to the 'ireful critic', and heroically defies him to do his worst. Much to our satisfaction, however, she presently forsakes this topic, and proceeds to reiterate other pretensions of attachment to 'England and England's constitution and king'; and then turns with laudable zeal to censure that jealousy which seems 'to pervade the mind of the literary part of our countrymen towards their brethren of the North.' She concludes with an animated eulogium on the adventurous sons of Caledonia: its elegance our readers may possibly discover from the ornamented peroration: — 'cold, taciturn, and deliberate as the Scot may seem, put the *Uppen* or a *sword* into his hand, and he shall strike fire with it!'

The Romance is evidently composed in imitation of Mr. Scott's 'Marmion.' We have long dreaded some unhappy effects which we could foresee were too probably to be produced on the young and undecided, from the pre-eminent merits and extraordinary popularity of that great but most unequal poem; and do now very sincerely regret that an author, possessed of such powers as Miss Holford has here discovered, should be so often decoyed into an ill-judged conformity to Mr. Scott's carelessness and caprices. Wallace as every one is obliged cruelly to predict, has nowhere reached the inimitable beauties of its defective model; while in its regularity and harshness of versification, in negligence and rudeness of diction, in dulness of detail, and improbability of incident, it much oftener exceeds than equals the flatter and more tedious portions of the charming 'Tale of Flodden-field.' The poem contains, however, many striking passages some of which we shall, with real pleasure, lay before our readers. The poem occasionally displays throughout, but especially from the beginning of the third canto, a strength and greatness of conception, a powerful delineation of discredited character, a force and distinctness of scenic and of passionate description, and even a harmony of verse, which merit the highest commendation, and deserve a more lasting popularity than will, we are apprehensive, await the performance as a whole.

There is not great ability discovered, perhaps, nor much fresh interest, communicated in the conduct of the story. It is divided into five cantos, rather of unequal length. The first is employed with the *Gathering* of the Scottish clans on the evening before the battle, the characters of their several chieftains, and a wrangling council they hold during the night in the glen of Torwood. The second is partly taken up with Sir John Graham's (spelt here for metrical reasons *Græme's*) relation, to Wallace, of an alarming dream he has had, foretelling his own death, and all the dreadful disasters of the ensuing day. Sir John then 'strides away' to the army, as the other leaders have 'strode' some time before him; while to Wallace, who remains behind, appears one of Monk Lewis's old unearthly agents, who forewarns him of all the horrors and calamities that await him. This seer tries, too, to mimic the immortal wizard of Lochiel, an attempt which itself dooms him to inevitable destruction. The third canto presents to us the camp and army of the English under Edward, and their preparations for the immediately approaching conflict: an opportune kick from Edward's horse, which breaks one or two of his Majesty's ribs, with all the subsequent bustle and confusion, forms a long

signified episode. The fourth canto gives the battle, which is very finely conceived in many places, and told with unquestionable spirit and talent; and concludes with Wallace's precipitate flight alone from the field back to Torwood glen, where he sorrowfully rests for the night. The fifth relates his retirement next day, accompanied by his page, to the castle of Monteith; where he is afterwards represented as perfidiously delivered into the hands of his foes; and with this representation the poem terminates. Every one knows the distressful result.

The main failure in the conduct of the fable, however, we have in these observations overlooked. Sir William is led somehow to believe that his wife has been murdered at Larkirk, by the invaders. But she contrives, for whatever reason, to get into his service as his page, and attends him in his capacity to the end of the poem; and notwithstanding their previous acquaintance, and though the lady is disguised in no respect but by the simple assumption of male apparel, Wallace never entertains the least suspicion, or makes the smallest discovery. De Wilton is matter of fact to this.

We shall now proceed to examine the poem more in detail, and to select from it such passages as will place Miss Holford's genius in the fairest point of view.—After a pettish sneer at the 'Maids of Helicon,' which might easily have been spared for a stanza expressive of the fair writer's regret that she had not been able more intimately to cultivate their acquaintance, and an invocation to the 'Dark Spirit of the North,' we are presented with the following very favourable lines: yet few can mistake their prototype.

'Now faint rose the distant vesper song,
Then it died on the breeze away,
For of old Dunblane, the saintly throng
Hallow'd the closing day;
Heaven's beaming arch shone clear and blue,
And the sweet broom glisten'd with chrystal dew,
And the Morle and the Muirs caroll'd free,
And the Lintwhite pour'd his melody,
And a mystic joy through the wild groves ran.—
Yet stormy and dark was the breast of man;
And the azure sky, tho' it sparkled so,
Was big with an injur'd nation's woe !' p. 3.

We now 'tediously creep from name to name' in the enumeration and description of the patriotic chieftains, till we come to this powerful exhibition of the Hero of the tale. The conception is at once very lofty, and the expression unusually good.

‘Oh, Wallace thy bold unruffled brow
 Speaks the calm of a noble mind,
 Thou hast drank of the wave at the ebb and the flow,
 Thou standest like an oak, while tempests blow,
 Unbent by the wavering wind,
 And the bursting flame, or the midnight flood ! —
 ‘Mid horror’s wildest scene,
 When the brooks of thy country are swollen with blood,
 Unshaken, thy soul still holds her mood,
 And thy brow is still serene !
 In the heat of destruction’s fatal day
 Thy cheek it wax’d not pale,
 Though the soul of a friend still flitted away
 On every passing gale ;
 Nor on their heads, how dear soe’er,
 Dropped from thine eye one funeral tear,
 Nor heav’d thy heart one farewell sigh,
 As the soldier met his destiny ;
 Nor private joy nor grief he knows,
 Whose bosom is filled with his country’s woes.’ pp. 16, 17.

We will refrain transcribing as a *set off* to this manly passage the feeble compliment which Miss H. has here paid to the ‘gallant Græme,’ one of the brightest ornaments of Scottish Story; and shall rather introduce into its place the beautiful lines which almost immediately follow the above representation of Wallace, of the full effect of which, however, none but a reader of the romance can properly judge, because he now finds, much to his joy, that he has done with the review of the Caledonian Barons.

‘It was now the edge of a summer night,
 And the march had been long and sore,
 And each weary soldier with delight
 Beheld the bright orb’s softening light
 Tinge the purple western shore ;
 And when the halt was passed around,
 Their tired limbs hail’d the gentle sound,
 And each in his heart the signal blessed,
 For one short hour of rugged rest.’

Here unquestionably the writer should have stopped, for the picture is complete; but as if for the express purpose of illustrating the noted treatise of Martinus Scriblerus *de Bæbæs* she proceeds to enumerate the debasing circumstances connected with the causes of the soldiers’ fatigue and annoyance.

“For the basnet’s weight their temples galls,
 And fast from their brows the heat-drop falls,
 And they find it sweet to close their eyes

On heather beneath the arching skies,
Tho' forbidden to loose the iron clasp
Which binds them hard in its rigorous grasp." p. 18.

We have now, at full length, the low quarrel which took place in the midnight conference; of which it is not necessary to take farther notice than pointedly to denounce the impropriety of foisting into Stewart's mouth a railing speech, that purports to be spoken in the Scottish language. Part of the folly of such an introduction is, that Stewart ever after speaks as good English as Miss Holford herself. Besides, it is not Scotch, but a kind of barbarous mongrel of the Scottish and English dialects. There is quite a passion, we have had the privilege of observing, among our young poetical countrywomen, for writing and doting over little pieces in Scotch; nor can we see the least harm in so interesting an amusement. But we would by no means advise them to suffer one word of these favourite productions to appear in print; and are tolerably sure they would be very soon disposed to check any propensity of this nature, could they once picture to their imaginations the ambiguous grin with which a genuine Scotchman would infallibly peruse their non-descript compositions. The author of Wallace, however, seems ambitious to rival, even in their offensive peculiarities, most of our living poets. Here is a popular minstrel's noted imitation of Sternhold and Hopkins imitated:

"Now hail, now hail, Sir Adam Currie!
What tidings do ye bring;
Your courser's plight bespeaks your hurry:
Where is yon robber king."
"Now hail, now hail, each gallant knight!
I bring ye a merry tale;
Troth I have spied a bonny sight
In old Linlithgow's vale!" p. 30.

And we have also some Cumberland babyism, but we can only afford room for a single prattlement:—it is pure simplicity. This is Wallace's address to his ci-devant wife.

'Wallace, impatient cried amain,
"What ho! my page, arise!
Meet follower in a warrior's train,
Come ope thy baby eyes."' p. 51.

The second canto begins in a very imposing manner, and promises much more than after negligence allows to be paid. We are much pleased with some parts of the third. The poet thus beautifully addresses Linlithgow heath, the place of the invader's repose. It succeeds a prosaic detail of their forces.

‘ Linlithgow’s muir thy heather bell
 Is crushed by the warrior’s ruthless stride,
 And many a brooni flower shrank and fell
 Beneath the sleeper’s armed side !
 Oh ! fresh as the golden crested broom,
 Sweet as the rose’s summer bloom,
 Many a fair plant from Scotland’s bower
 Shall rue to-morrow’s stormy hour,
 As they drop in their wintry tomb,
 As pale they hang the withered head,
 With severed stem, and fragrance fled,
 And lie all crushed on the field of death
 Like the bloom flower on Linlithgow’s heath !’ p. 93.

There is a charming night scene, too, which has all the affecting picturesque imagery, and minuteness of Grahame—with even three of his characteristic *saves*.

‘ In yonder camp ’tis all so still
 That you might hear a footfall pass ;
 The deep low echo from the hill,
 The tinkling fall of the humble rill,
 The weak-voic’d nations of the grass ;—
 Save when by fits the breeze blew cold,
 And whistled in the standard fold,
 Save the watchman’s call as he strides alone,
 Or the clang of his iron sabaton ;
 Save when the angry blood hound bayed,
 Or the fiery steed impatient neigh’d ;
 Even they who thought to watch through night
 Were lull’d by the silent scene :
 No longer they gazed on the heavens bright :
 A shade fell mild o’er their cheated sight
 And they sank on the dewy green.’ p. 98.

We proceeded with very considerable gratification, and were finishing the canto in perfect good humour, when we found ourselves suddenly startled by the following most singular termination.

‘ Reader, farewell—and, if thou dare,
By good St. George, we’ll meet again,
 Where rage and valour rush to war,
 And bleeding heroes tinge the plain !’ p. 120.

Of course, we were acute enough to recognize in this a renewed testimony of our fair author’s loyalty, but we cannot help thinking it, after all, an outrageous violation of good taste. We are still more offended at her similar unworthy appeals to *heaven* (p. 140. &c.) and are afraid, indeed, that such transgressions are amenable to a higher bar than ours. Not much less reprehensible is the common use of such ungracious phraseology by Wallace, and the other personages of the poem. Sir William

in particular, is frequently made to attest the truth of his averments, 'by heaven,' 'by his father's soul,' &c. &c. Miss H. wishes to interest us in the amiable features of her hero, and to her credit she often succeeds. Still she should remember, that this is one most direct way of counteracting her design. Such swearing may be a knightly vice, it is true, and may even have been a vice, though we never heard it was, of which Wallace was himself guilty: but there was no need here for its introduction. Besides, if Sir William really had acquired so unfortunate a habit, he certainly would have been highly indignant to see this disgraceful fact immortalized in a quarto heroic poem; and if, as Miss H. at the conclusion of her tale has supposed, his conscious spirit has listened to her lyre, and been charmed with her 'descant,' we *co-invisible* agents can assure her, that we have the departed chieftain's strenuous support in our present pointed reprehension.

The fourth canto opens with one of the greatest and most impressive passages in modern English poetry. We must overlook, however, the occasional defects of harmony and diction. We give it entire.

'Yes, it is come ! That pause of dread,
Whose silent interval precedes
Men's faltering footsteps, as they tread
Towards sanguinary deeds !
There is an hour, whose pressure cold
Comes even to the hero's breast !
Each warrior's heart of human mould,
Howe'er intrepid, fierce, and bold,
Has still that hour confess.
It is not where the battle-storm
Hurtles along the affrighted skies,
It is not where death's hideous form,
His threatening voice and piercing cries,
Shreak in our ears, and scares our eyes ;
It is not where the slogan shout
Has sent the deathword 'mid the rout,
Nor 'mid the hail of the arrowy shower,
Nor when we see the life-blood pour ;
It comes not then—that ghastly hour !
'Tis in the breathless pause before,
While yet unwashed with human gore,
Our thoughts 'mid dreams of terror roam,
And sadly muse on things to come !
Then shuddering nature half recoils,
And half forbids the inhuman toils !
But 'tis too late ; the die is cast !
The furies bid to the repast !

Oh ! from the cradle to the tomb,
 Comes there no hour so fraught with gloom,
 As that ere nations meet, to seal each other's doom.'! pp. 121

Then comes the battle. It displays much talent, though greatly in want of cultivation: we dare, however, make no citations; and must reluctantly hasten on to the spirited conclusion of the Romance. Wallace is now betrayed, and his wife has just finished her unsuccessful expostulation with the 'false Monteith.'

"Hope and her visions all depart ;
 She starts indignant from the ground,
 Oh ! now despair is in her heart ;
 Her eye is wild, her brain whirls round.
 She turn'd, and fixed upon Monteith
 The icy glance that look'd like death ;
 A curse fell from her glassy eye,
 And smote his bosom heavily !
 With footsteps fleet she runs, she flies !
 She has glided up the narrow stairs,
 In vain she rolls her eager eyes,
 Her husband is not there !
 There was his chamber, there his bed,
 The pillow which had borne his head !
 She laughed, with phrensy in her eye,
 'Twas the dreadful mirth of agony !
 Again she flies—she has found him now
 A wretched captive, vanquish'd, bound,
 With grief wrung heart and dewy brow,
 And stretched in fetters on the ground !
 He hears her voice, —he hears her screams,
 Truth like a dismal vision gleams ;
 He sees her scattered tresses wave,
 Like corpse-lights streaming towards the grave !
 She comes ! his arms would fain have press'd
 The frantic mourner to his breast,
 To faith so proved, to truth so tried,
 This last poor tribute was denied
 Agnes beheld her Lord with bursting heart, and died.'

Having already extended this article so far, we have room for but few additional remarks on faults in versification and language. The execution of the whole poem, with high ability, betrays much bad taste, unaccountable hurry, and inexcusable negligence. The metre is irregular and capricious in the highest degree. Innumerable lines are unpardonably rugged, and the rhymes unusually blameable. What can forgive, for instance such couplets as—

'And when he raised his speaking eye,
 It sparkled with half the usual joy.' p. 40.

‘And wherever Scotland lifts her *spear*
Be sure that the brave Macduff is *there* !’ p. 8.

or,

‘For the souls which darken’d his vital beam
He plung’d in death’s cold and bitter stream.’ p. 33.

‘Where friendship warms the escutcheon’d walls
Of frowning Ruskie’s antique halls.’ p. 193.

The errors of diction we cannot pretend to enumerate; words obsolete and new-coined—English and Scotch—and neither. There are numerous compound harmonious epithets of this order—‘time enshrouded,’ ‘anguish laden,’ ‘peace consecrated,’ ‘skaith,’ ‘braes,’ ‘burnie,’ and the fifty times recurring ‘birken,’ are made to adorn an English romance. At p. 45. we have ‘whistling reason.’ The illegal compound substantives are numberless, and almost every monosyllabic noun in the lexicon is tagged, in course, to the words ‘battle,’ ‘life,’ and ‘death.’—As a sort of counterpoise, however, to these unquestionable blemishes, we shall cite the following admirable apostrophe to the Moon, which we have purposely reserved for our finale. It occurs after the description of the English army in the third canto, and acquires much additional beauty from its position.

“Why thou fair orb, dost thou smile so bright
As thou rollest on thy way!
Canst thou not hide thy silver light,
That the heavens, all dark with the clouds of night,
Might frown on yon fierce array!
Why should’st thou hide thy shining brow,
Thou who walk’st thro’ the midnight sky!
Tho’ the dæmon who gives the word for woe,
Bids the tear descend, and the life-blood flow,
Thy place shall be still on high!
Thou look’st on man, thou seest him blessed
In the light of his little day,
Thou lookest anon—he is gone to rest!
The cold worm creeps in his ordly breast,
He sleeps in the grave’s decay!
Thou sawest his rise, thou shalt see him fall,
Thou shalt stay till the tomb has cover’d all,
Till death has crush’d them, one by one,
Each frail, yet proud ephemeron!
To-morrow thy cold and tranquil eye
Shall gaze again from the midnight sky;
With unquenched light, with ray serene,
Thou shalt glance on the field where death has been;

Thou shalt gild his features, pale and wan,
 Thou shalt gaze on the form of murder'd man,
 On his broken armour scattered round,
 On the severed limb, and the yawning wound—
 But thou, amidst the wrecks of time,
 Unfrowning passest on, and keep st thy path sublime!" pp. 96. 95.

Appended to the poem are some notes and illustrations.

Art. VI. *The Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, with some of the Letters of her Correspondents.* Part the First, containing her Letters from an early age to the age of Twenty-three. Published by Matthew Montagu, Esq. M. P. her Nephew and Executor. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 622. Price 14s. Cadell and Davies. Third Edition. 1810.

WHOEVER has been in the habit of reading the memoirs, generally swelled to an unconscionable bulk by a large quantity of the correspondence, of our literati and other what are called public characters, that have successively departed during the last twenty or thirty years, has foreseen the appearance, at some time or other, of a work under the present title. The correspondence of this lady has been an advantageous resource to almost all the compilers of such memoirs; and was found to have extended so widely, that it might almost be reckoned on with certainty by any one who was inclined to an experiment in biographical book-making. It would not be supposed that so rich a mine would always be left as public property: it would in due time be formally examined and claimed, and worked for the benefit of an avowed proprietor; and perhaps those who have, on sufferance, been working there, occasionally, for their own profit, ought rather to be thankful for the duration of the indulgence, than murmur that it is to have an end. But this it is to be apprehended, they will be apt to do; unless indeed the proprietor will concede the privilege, which they will eagerly accept, of now and then taking away, under a formal acknowledgement of his claims of ownership, small portions to exhibit as specimens of the mass.

At the end of these volumes, he gives some account of his possessions and intentions. These letters 'form' a small part of a series which has been returned, at different periods during the life of Mrs. Montagu, and since her death, by the executors of the correspondents to whom they were addressed.

'They would have been sooner offered to the public notice, if the Editor, in the eagerness to discharge a duty so delightful to his feelings, had not been induced to persevere, with too little intermission, in the labour of the arrangement; and, by this means, to increase to an alarming degree a weakness of sight, which other circumstances had previously occasioned. The publication is here termed a duty, because it was frequently

enjoined by Mrs. Montagu herself, in consequence of the re-iterated request of many of her correspondents, upon whose taste and judgement she had every reason to rely. Lord Lyttleton and Lord Bath in particular, her favourite friends, will be found in the course of the correspondence strongly and repeatedly urging their future publication, as considering that they exhibit the fertility and versatility of her powers of understanding and the excellence of her disposition, in a more complete manner than any other species of composition. The same opinion, and the same request, was expressed by many eminent persons, in which number I shall only mention Dr. Young, Mr. Gilbert West, Lord Chatham, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Stillingfleet, Lord Kames, and Dr. Beattie, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Vesey. Vol. II. p. 313.

It might not, by the way, be impertinent to ask how it should be necessary for this 'exhibition' to be made, unless the public are in some way to be benefited at the same time. Have mankind so little serious business on their hands, to say nothing of the astonishing number of literary 'exhibitions' which they are called to look at, that it is to be presumed they can at this time afford to live for the precise purpose of contemplating the show of Mrs. Montagu as she was in her teens. Of what consequence can it be to any creature on earth how Miss Robinson, seventy years ago, danced, and joked, and caricatured her acquaintance, and played off her unremitting and remorseless satire of high-wrought compliments in letters which a noble duchess doubtless received, innocent soul! as the tenderest effusions of the heart? If it must be acknowledged, as we are aware it might seem cynical or puritanical to deny, that the main business for English people to attend to, especially in these times, is to dance, jest, compliment, and so forth, there was sufficient evidence that it could be all carried on without the assistance of an example, recovered, with so much of the air of acquisition, from the former part of the last century.

The editor makes interest for the reader's indulgence to the literary defects of these letters, and to the degree of vanity which they betray, by pleading the early age of the writer, the less cultivated state of the education of women at that period, the gaiety of familiar intercourse between girls accustomed to the dissipation of the fashionable world, and the writer's 'acknowledged superiority in wit and beauty.'

'When it is found,' he says, 'in the future remaining volumes, that she became in her middle age as remarkable for discretion of conduct, and propriety of demeanour, as she had been in her childhood and youth for vivacity and sprightleness; the progress of her disposition will appear to be no less interesting than the improvement of her taste, and the enlargement of her faculties. She was an exemplary wife to a man much older than herself, and proved herself worthy to be the bosom friend of a husband, whose strict honour and integrity, as a gentleman

and a member of Parliament, were not less conspicuous than his unweared diligence, and deep research as a man of science.'

'We shall find her to be the most approved friend of the wisest and best men of her age, as well as the most admired companion of the wittiest. Her conversation was sought by all who were distinguished for learning, for politeness, or for any of the qualities which give lustre, or dignity, or influence,' &c. &c.

This account goes on till it effloresces into rhetoric, about her 'entwining her myrtle with the bays of the poet.' After which the editor informs us that in maturer life she subdued her propensity to satire, and made a more sparing and less formidable use of her wit. He next describes her person, adverting to those mental qualities which her countenance bespoke; and thus concludes:

'If to these qualifications we add the soundness of principle, the tenderness of benevolence, and the calm piety of her latter years, we shall behold a picture which might justly be termed an ornament to her sex and country.'

'The reader has some distance to travel before he arrives at the period in which Mrs Montagu attained her greatest perfection in epistolary writing. The editor will be excused if he entertains a hope that the reader will then be induced to allow, that few persons in any language can be thought to surpass her in this species of composition.—The remaining part of the series will be published by degrees, as the health and leisure of the Editor will admit, and as the curiosity or approbation of the public may seem to require. Vol. II. p. 317.

In a brief introductory and truly heraldic account, at the beginning of the volumes, of her ancestry, her immediate parentage, and the chief movements and acquaintance of her early life, the editor seems to assign as his principal reason for publishing the letters to the duchess of Portland, forming the larger part of the series thus far, that by comparison with letters of a later period, they will instructively illustrate the moral progress of the writer's mind.

Now, after duly considering all this, we are still obliged to think the editor has very greatly over-rated the value of what he is exhibiting. If the object is to inform the public that a certain Miss Robinson, who afterwards became celebrated under the name of Mrs. Montagu, from being a freakish and satirical girl, grew to be in time a very discreet and benevolent woman, we would put it to any reasonable computist of the value of time, to say what number of pages might fairly, in due proportion to other things, be allotted as the vehicle of such information. If he shall determine that allotment at several thousand pages, a length which we are extremely apprehensive is actually contemplated, it will then become our duty to acknowledge, that most of the other points and branches of information of

the necessity of which the professed teachers of wisdom have so earnestly insisted, are trifles which may and must be spared.—If something more useful is intended than just this bare information, given on Mrs. Montagu's account, if it is meant that this improvement in her character is to be displayed in the way of example, to lead similar offenders to a similar reformation, we think the expedient is ill-judged; the volatile satirical vivacity of the present letters being much more likely to stimulate the juvenile readers to still more diligent efforts of real or would-be wit, than the future ones which it seems are to have a less exuberance of sparkling satire, are likely to captivate them into the more sober spirit of discretion and benevolence. If again it should be pretended that a chief object is to give, along with a view of Mrs. Montagu's early character and life, that instruction, not of any one particular kind so much as of the diversified kinds that will naturally be afforded throughout a series of letters thrown off in the exercise of an active shrewd observant mind, acquainted in an unusual degree with mankind, of one class at least,—we must say that any such purpose or hope is absurd, as probably no letters indicating so much ability were ever any thing like so devoid of those occasional valuable observations, into which strong sense seems generally liable, in spite even of the utmost levities, to be betrayed. The business and subjects that occupied Miss Robinson's time and thoughts, up to the age of twenty, were so entirely frivolous, that there shall be fifty or a hundred successive pages of smart, sparkling, and sometimes almost brilliant writing, not one sentence of which any reader, though amused in running through it, cares one straw to remember. We no more wish to recal any of her fine things, than the succession of shining bubbles we have seen break while standing a quarter of an hour by the side of a rill. A reader indeed whose taste inclines at all to seriousness, however keen a relish he may have for wit, becomes disgusted with this frothy fermentation of talent mixed with mere folly. The letters afford a striking illustration of the wretchedness of female education as *then* conducted; an education directed to no object—without any thing of the system and rigour of academical discipline—without a hard broad basis of knowledge—with but a very small share of that intent application which might fairly, even making allowance for defect of method, be called study—and without any notion of taking an interest in those wider speculations on human society which regard collective man rather than individuals, and the moral and political state of a particular nation rather than the state of its fashions. No man possessed of

talents like those of Miss Robinson, and educated as men of fortune were at that time, would have been able to vapour all his wit and intelligence away in letters so decidedly and perseveringly about nothing. Either he would have had a scholar's taste, and would have been instituting once again the old comparison between Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero; or being in preparation for some profession, he would have been starting questions relative to the principles or practice of law or physic; or he would have been setting in for a politician, or drawing the track of his intended travels, or forming schemes of commercial enterprize;—and in exercising, in any one of these directions, so active a fancy and so sharp an intellect, he would, in his letters, have been seen occupied with something worth being sensible, inventive, or witty about, and something capable and deserving of being made interesting to the reader by means of that display of talent, even though the reader were a stranger, and perused the letters the greater part of a century after they were written. But here we have a young lady, of a high-bred family, the intimate and caressed companion of nobles and sundry other sorts of accomplished people, and endowed by nature with extraordinary faculties,—we have this person expending the whole force of these faculties in describing and ridiculing the country ball, to which, however, she would have deemed it a great calamity to have been prevented going; satirising her country neighbours, and even, though more delicately, the character of her 'papa'; deplored the infelicity of absence from the great town; celebrating the transient relief afforded by the visit of perhaps Miss Dashwood, Mrs. Donnellan, or the like; making out a *catalogue raisonné* of the titled fools she met with at Bath; (fools, for the most part she pronounces them;) canting affectedly about her concern for 'my Lady Duchess's' health; enquiring about my Lady Duchess's adventures at the fair;—with numberless other matters of the same degree of importance. And all this, too, not with any signs of conscious humiliation in being so employed, but evidently with the pride of intellectual superiority. This pride was supported and exquisitely gratified by her feeling what a ludicrous character she could easily give to the very things she was occupying herself about. She ridiculed fools while she was mad on playing the fool with them and beyond them. She had a certain unreflected-on perception of the essential folly of the dissipations she was so actively pursuing; and let herself feel as if her satirising that folly constituted her something superior to it, even while zealously practising it.

Her slender reading, during the first twenty years, is sufficiently indicated, even if it could not have been inferred from the perpetual dissipation which left her no time, by the limited range of her casual allusions, in the form of comparison and metaphor—in which kind of allusions she was prompt and lucky, as far as her knowledge extended; and she was so well aware of the advantage of this sort of decoration that she would now and then go and violently ravage a whole province of her reading, and bring in such a load of classical plunder and prisoners as to amaze all beholders, who are utterly baffled to guess what she can want with so many heathen gods and heroes at one time. In the latter part of the series, the circle of her references is evidently widening; while also there is a considerably more frequent occurrence of thoughts capable of general application.

While mentioning allusions, we must notice one prominent feature of this correspondence, which ought to have doomed it to oblivion, and which compels us to reprobate the publication; and that is, the frequent and detestably profane employment or parody of the language of the Bible. The editor talks of the 'piety' of the writer's latter years; while yet she enjoined, he says, the publication of her letters. Now if she did not rather enjoin the *suppression* of such letters as many of these, should they ever come into her executor's hands, that 'piety' is most mistakenly attributed, —unless it is to be supposed she had entirely forgotten the quality of her early correspondence. But, indeed, the surmise becomes still more unfavourable when it is considered, that probably most of the exceptionable letters in these volumes had been, in consequence of the death of the persons to whom they had been addressed, returned to Mrs. M. herself, and were by her left to her executor, as he says, for publication. It is beyond our ingenuity, and his too, to reconcile the fact of her actually having these letters in her hands, in the latter part of her life, inspecting them, and finally leaving them for publication, instead of putting them into the fire, with the slenderest pretensions to 'piety.' If the latter part of the series (supposing the public curiosity to prove so insatiable as to accompany the editor through the vast intermediate portions, and demand also the concluding part) should really bring good evidence of the writer's piety, the thing to be then astonished at will be, that her memory could so completely have lost every trace of the cast of her youthful correspondence, as not to be disturbed by the slightest retrospective surmise of such an odious deformity; and that at all events she should not have thought it a duty to inspect the letters actually lodged in her cabinet, in reserve for her executor,

under her own injunction for their publication. However the case may stand as to the writer, the editor has no excuse. He has carefully perused the letters, and informs us he has even taken the pains to expunge some passages, of an altogether trifling or private nature: he had therefore the power of suppressing whatever he judge unfit to appear; but the public must not be defrauded of a successful and stimulant example to persuade even our young ladies to the study of the Bible, as a most excellent jest-book. It was presumed, that their delicacy would deny them the benefit of learning this practice from our most ribald comedy-writers, and tavern gangs of infidels; but it might be acquired with all due decorum from the letters of an elegant fashionable woman, of the most unimpeachable reputation.

The editor confesses there is nothing to be said for the 'piety' of the writer's early years.

'Mrs. Montagu, in her early education, did not receive those strong impressions of the truth of divine revelation, which she acquired at a later period, from her intimacy with Gilbert West and Lord Lytton. It was reserved for the influence of the steady principles of Christianity, to correct the exuberant spirit of her genius, and to give the last touches of improvement to her character.' V. I. p. 6.

So much the better for the characters of these excellent laymen: we shall not presume to say how this passage may tell in behalf of a distinguished ecclesiastic, who is represented as having had a very intimate and efficient influence on her 'early education.' That ecclesiastic was no less a man than Dr. Conyers Middleton, whom the young lady's 'grandmother had taken as a second husband.' The family resided for a time at Cambridge, where, it is said,

'Her uncommon sensibility and acuteness of understanding, as well as her extraordinary beauty as a child, rendered her an object of great notice and admiration in the university: and Dr. Middleton was in the habit of requiring from her an account of the learned conversations at which, in his society, she was frequently present; not admitting of the excuse of her tender age as a disqualification, but insisting that although at the present time she could but imperfectly understand their meaning, she would in future derive great benefit from the habit of attention inculcated by this practice.' p. 3.

It is evident the Doctor's attentions to her, and her high respect for his talents, and therefore his opportunities of inculcating the evidences, the principles, and the importance of religion, on a mind liable to run so impetuously wild without its influences, did not end with the period of her childhood; for there is a letter of advice which she received from him on marriage, and in the slight notices of her reading, that occur in her correspondence, we find her oftener studying his books than those of any other author.

We must give a few samples of the heroine's epistolary qualities. The series begins at the age of about fourteen, at which period she certainly displays a very extraordinary degree of shrewdness, a strong though coarse perception of the ridiculous in every thing, and her appropriate manner of writing, as ready and free as if she had been already in the use of it many years, the bold dashing style of humour which prevails throughout the volumes. In a letter written at the age of eighteen, to the duchess of Portland there are such passages as these:

'Her Ladyship made a ball a few days ago, to which she did our family the honour to invite them, and as we were obeying her commands, and had got into the coach with our ball airs, and our dancing shoes, at five miles of our journey we came to a brook so swelled by the rain that it looked like a river, and the water, we were told, was up to the coach seat ; and as I had never heard of any balls in the Elysian fields, and do not so much as know whether the ghosts of departed beaux wear pumps. I thought it better to reserve ourselves for the ridotto, than hazard drowning for this ball, and so turned back and went to Sir Windham Knatchbull's, &c.

'Here, I suppose, you will think my diversion ended, but I must tell your Grace it did not ; for before I had gone two miles I had the pleasure of being overturned, at which I squalled for joy ; and to complete my felicity, I was obliged to stand half an hour in the most refreshing rain, and the coolest north breeze I ever felt ; for the coach braces breaking were the occasion of our overturn, and there was no moving till they were mended. You may suppose we did not lose so favoarable an opportunity of catching cold ; we all came croaking down to the breakfast next morning, and said we had caught no cold, as one always says when one has been scheming ; but I think I have scarce recovered my treble tones yet.'

'Lord Winchilsea has ceased his douceurs to Miss Palmer, which I am sorry for ; I always think a languishing swain of forty (next to a credulous virgin of thirty years old) the most diverting sight in the world ; Solomon said well when he said there was a time for all things ; there is a time to sigh, and a time to smile, but the sigh in an old man is a groan, and the smile of an old maid a grin. There is a time to flatter, and a time to believe it : but there is a time when flattery is fulsome, and belief ridiculous : there is a time to ogle and a time to look through spectacles, but to do both together is squinting through a glass : a moving, not a melting sight. I think all our sex can do for old men is to compassionate their pains and pity them.' p. 32, &c.

Avowing, every where, a passion almost to fury for dancing, she could not however help making such remarks as this, in, her nineteenth year :

'Surely these things, (writing to friends, &c.) will outweigh the irrational pleasures of jumping and cutting capers. The theory of dancing is extremely odd, though the practice is agreeable. Who could by force of reasoning find out the satisfaction of casting off, right hand and left, and the hayes ; we often ignorantly laugh to see a kitten turning round in

pursuit of its own tail, when the creature is only turning single.' V. I. p. 58.

The same nineteenth year affords a foolish letter, not however altogether without some ingenuity, written as from the shades, in imitation probably of Lady M. W. Montague's letter dated from the same residence. And here comes in every thing about Styx, and Charon, and Pluto, and Ixion, and Sisyphus, and Tantalus, and many other people of that country. But we notice it only as giving a fair occasion to remark that the idea of *death* is one of the standing common-places of this young woman's jocularity; another circumstance by means of which the editor perhaps expects the letters may communicate important instruction to the present race of giddy sparkling fair ones of the present times. Nor can we presume to conjecture how many parents, and other benevolent relatives and friends there may be, who would be gratified to see those gay nymphs of the sunshine, declining acquaintance with the gloomy monarch with such easy smart airs as this:

'Indeed the only thing one can do to-day, we did not do the day before, is to die; not that I should be hurried by a love of variety and novelty to do so irreparable a thing as dying. To shew you how loath I am even to dance a step towards it, I will tell your Grace that I staid away last night from the ball, because I had a cold.' V. I. p. 77.

or would discover signs of wisdom or virtuous sensibility in such a mode of reference as the following, to a past critical and perilous moment:

'A wise son of Æsculapius gave me a diabolical bolus, that half killed me. I fainted away about three hours after I had swallowed the notable composition, and was above an hour in such agony, that if I had not waited for your letter I had certainly gone to the Elysian fields. You cannot imagine how willing one lingers in a world where you live! I believe the late Czarina left her kingdom with a gentler warning; indeed, I was very ill, but I could not go without your Grace's letter, and so here I am within the reach of a post-horse; you must know this bolus was to make my eyes well; but it had like to put out the light.' p. 249.

After this, we cannot so much complain if we are not believed when stating that there is, twice inserted, and with much amplification in the second instance, a substantially grave letter, the burden of which is, the "well remebering and applying the necessity of dying."—There are also divers letters of consolation, to friends in affliction, which are, we should suppose, the most 'flat and unprofitable' production that ever so much ability dictated for such a purpose. The writer's mental character was indeed, singularly unadapted to such an office. For one thing, the reader obstinately doubts notwithstanding all the elaborate, the variegated, the pretty

the ingenious, the complimentary, the pompous professions of friendship, sympathy, anxiety, and so forth, for particular individuals, and all the sprightly and high-flown periods about the charms, the felicity, the bliss, of friendship in general,—not the less for all this, the reader incorrigibly doubts whether she really had much tenderness of affection. There is no avoiding the suspicion, that there is even a great degree of *conscious affectation* and extravagance in many of these very artificial expressions of attachment and solicitude. But also a considerable share of what she perhaps really felt, and might suffer herself to regard as simple affection, might be in truth but a very factitious modification of that element. It needs not be doubted, that a number of the persons for whom she professed so much interest were really become important to her, and one or two almost necessary; but in a mind like hers this would be, in no small degree, the result of their admiring her, courting her, caressing her, proclaiming her, amusing her, stimulating her faculties to their most favourite play, and recognising her superiority, while they were themselves perhaps accounted persons of no ordinary endowments. It may be added, that she was kept by the duchess of Portland's friendship in intimate and very flattering contact with the most splendid portion of society.—It was also much against her as a consoler of sorrow, especially the sorrow arising from the death of persons tenderly loved, that her mind was incapable of moral sublimity. It knew not the faintest sensation of even a poetic, not to say a saintly enthusiasm, at the thought of a future life, and of the society of another world. Her allusions in this direction reached at best only some foolery about the Elysian fields; an image, too, which her burlesque mode of reference deprives of any little beauty it might have retained from Virgil,—and indeed so much the better. She was not sufficiently versed in the topics of the philosophers to be even the ape of Zeno. And as to the true religion, its whole wide system was to her a vacant space, excepting as it afforded her some fantastic frolicsome shapes, the descrying of which in such a region is the most signal proof how unapparent to her were the real objects with which it is filled. All this considered, it is no wonder her consolatory moralizings were so wretchedly meagre. The mere gravity of manner necessary to be assumed, seems to oppress her insupportably; and it is most curious to observe, when sometimes the decorum of one of these performances does not forbid a lively termination or interlude, the prodigious difference of power between the moralist and the wit. Though the voice seem the same, we have the greatest difficulty to avoid believing that Rabelais or

Voltaire, to finish the service, has dexterously slidden into the place and canonicals of the officiating person, who is described as follows :

‘ If Mr. Spintext had not been somewhat tedious to-day, I had wrote to Miss D. ; but, poor man, he is a good while explaining any thing, and one must wait till he has overtaken his meaning, to which he has not a direct road, nor a swift pace ; if he finds it at last it is well ; if not he calls for it again next Sunday : some orators are praised for moving the passions, but our good man is excellent for laying them asleep. With him the troubled in spirit sleep, and the wrathful slumber ; there is not that turbulent mind that he cannot quiet ; he is admirable against perturbation. But I will not preach upon him ; not that I can mar the text, as he does, but, &c.’ V. I. p. 252.

This contrast of power is strongly perceptible, not only where she is obliged to a truce with wit and drollery in order to console distress, but where she undertakes any subject which necessitates a sober diction,—though indeed few subjects do so in her hands. The disparity is perfectly ludicrous in the early part of the series. A considerable way advanced toward a finished wit, she is of the school-boy rank in dissertation. It is little Iulus piteously toiling after Æneas. It is fair to say, however, that we see the distance continually lessening, and that though, at the end of so much of the progress as is shewn thus far, the satirist is still far a-head of the reasoner, there is in the latter part of this series of letters a great deal of respectable sense, exercised on life and manners, and sometimes on books and topics of literature. She becomes somewhat more aware of the necessity of reading and thinking ; is brought by her marriage with Mr. Montagu, a parliament man, a little more in sight of national interests and political characters ; and will, we can well believe, become, in a dozen or twenty years more, if she reforms from her profaneness, a very instructive as well as entertaining companion.

It occurs to us, while we are adverting once more to this profaneness, that our methodistical reputation will cause this accusation to be imputed to captiousness, malice, hypocrisy, and so forth, if it is not substantiated by some examples, which we should, otherwise, have been unwilling to quote. There are, then, a great number of passages of the same stamp as these :

‘ I think Solomon was in the wrong when he said all was vanity and vexation of spirit : he ought to have said all was vanity or vexation of spirit ; for the one succeeds the other, as darkness does light, and especially in the woman ; the young maid is all vanity, and the old one all vexation.’ V. I. p. 51.

‘ A crowd is not disagreeable, and I always feel myself prompted by a natural benevolence and love of society, to go where two or three are gathered together. The very name of an assembly has its charms for me, and that of a ball, &c.’ p. 57.

'As for the men, except Lord Noel Somerset, they are altogether abominable; *there is not one good no not one.*' p. 73.

'At last death, more merciful to him than he to himself [it is a supposed epitaph for an old miser] released him, from care and his family from want; and here he lies, with the muckworm he imitated, and the dirt he loved, in fear of a resurrection, lest his heirs should have spent the money he left behind, having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.' p. 73.

'As the tower of Babel, &c. have been by him overthrown [Time] so must the pillar of my face [her nose] one day be brought down, and great will be the fall thereof.' p. 254.

It is not a little striking to observe, that while, for drollery, she is exceedingly prompt in her allusions to the language of divine revelation, she seems never to recollect that any use can be made of it, when she is on the serious subjects of sorrow and death.

As she gets older, that is, towards the advanced age of twenty one, she evinces, practically, a certain degree of perception that, even to give full effect to vivacity and satire, a person must not be perpetually making frisks and lampoons. In the comparative solitude of an old manor-house, therefore, to which she retired many weeks while the small-pox were in the family, she would betake herself to the study of the life and character of Cicero; and sent forth in her epistles many sage remarks, really some of them pretty good, on that subject, accompanied, inevitably, with many caricature sketches of the inhabitants and visitants of the house, together with amusing notices of the state and proceedings of a colony of rooks, in a grove which darkened her room.—Her satire is extremely various and versatile, as it is applied to almost every thing, and takes a modification from the peculiar quality of each object and incident. It is often in the broadest grinning style, but now and then subtle and finely hinted. It is partly in this latter manner that she alludes to an occasion on which she had witnessed a certain humoursomeness in some domestic senior, probably her father, who had quite spoiled her as a child, and between whom and her it appears there was apt to be sometimes a little rather ungentle collision.

'A certain person seems—I can never describe how, nor tell why, but they look a little awful, and pish! and phoo! with a dignity age will never give me; it really is droll, and some things I have seen lately would furnish out scenes for a play, &c.' 'I never pretend to think, or to know, or to hear, or to see. I am a sceptic, and doubt of all things; and as a mediator between my opinion and all positive affirmation, make use of an—it seems to me, and—a perhaps, and—it may be; and then I can tack about to the right point of the compass at a short warning. The other day, seeing Dr. Middleton's

book upon the table, they discoursed the whole matter over, and set things in so new a light, that I was extremely entertained for two hours, though I had full exercise in following with my assent all that was advanced. We condemned Cicero for folly, Cato for cowardice, Brutus for subjection, Cassius for gaiety; and then we talked it all back again, and left them the very men we found them; for you must know there are persons who, if no one will contradict them, will contradict themselves rather than not debate.' V. I. p. 197.

We had marked a number of very characteristic passages, but now find we have no room for them. These letters give a lively picture of the manner in which people of quality at that time passed their lives, and, of course, furnish a very striking contrast to the sobriety, public spirit, and hard study, so prevalent in that rank at the present day.

If we ever arrive at that part of the series that shall display the effects on the writer's talents of her intercourse with Lord Chatham, Burke, &c. &c. we may reckon on a great deal of entertainment of a rather high order.

Art. VII. *Tales of Romance, with other Poems, including Selections from Propertius.* By Charles A. Elton. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 136. price 7s. 6d. Murray, 1810.

IF Mr. Elton had done justice to his own powers by the selection of his subjects, he would have secured a respectable rank among living poets; a rank, however, which he must not expect to obtain by the publication of little poems like these. That they are ingenious, and often elegant trifles, we freely own; and for this reason we regret they are only trifles. They discover talents which might delight the public, and which therefore ought not to be satisfied with amusing it. A short account of the volume may serve to confirm these remarks, by affording a glimpse of Mr. Elton's powers, and a sketch of the subjects on which they are employed.

The Tales of Romance occupy the first part of the volume, and are twelve in number. They are founded on fables and legends selected from the *Gesta Romanorum*, some of which are not only entertaining, as mere efforts of fancy, but convey a striking moral lesson. One, intitled the Trumpet of Death, is nearly a parallel story to that of Damocles: another is an exact counterpart of the story of Androcles: a third,—founded on the prevailing notion of the voice of nature, or the natural sympathy supposed to exist between persons of the same blood, is apparently an imitation of the celebrated Judgement of Solomon: another is almost precisely similar to the old English romance of the Knight and Greyhound, and the

Welch tradition respecting Llewellyn and his Dog, known to most readers by Mr. Spencer's affecting ballad of Gêlert. The tales are in general told with effect; and the quaint manner of the old ballads and legendary tales is sometimes very happily preserved in the versification.

One of the best stories is that of Robert, king of Sicily, which strongly resembles the remarkable anecdote of Nebuchadnezzar, and was probably copied from it. The king is described as going 'in pride' to attend vespers.

' But now was heard the organ-peal,
Ladies and knights were seen to kneel ;
The king still kept his chair :
And now *Magnificat* was sung,
This stave, by choral voices rung,
Was echoed sweet in air :
" En ! superbos Deus stravit,
" Humiles et exaltavit."
Wist not the king what words were those,
He bade a learned clerk disclose
The Latin mystery :
" Sire," quoth the clerk, " the God most great
" Hath cast the haughty from their seat,
" And raised the humble high :"
" Peace !" cried the king : " for well I know
" There liveth none could bring me low."

As a punishment for his impiety, the king is cast into a deep sleep, his appearance is changed; and after suffering many indignities he finds another king Robert seated in his throne, who orders him to be dressed up in motley as a court fool, and made the object of general mockery. He is compelled to follow in the royal train to Rome, where the substitute king is magnificently entertained by Pope Urban. The story then concludes as follows.

' Flouted and jeer'd, the motley man
From forth the Pope's wide palace ran,
A shouting crowd pursued ;
From street to street he coursed along,
And found at distance from the throng
A place of solitude :
He looks, and by the moon-beam clear
Discerns a holy chapel near
The door half open'd stands ; he flies
With trembling knees and streaming eyes,
And at the altar bends :
His veins glow hot ; his pulses beat ;
An organ pipe breathes soft and sweet,
A vocal strain ascends ;
" En ! superbos Deus stravit,
" Humiles et exaltavit."

I ween king Robert knows full well
 What tones are they that warbling swell
 The vaulted roofs around ;
 And on his cheek there hangs a tear
 Of meek remorse and pious fear ;
 While, as the floating sound
 In lessening murmurs distant dies,
 Prostrate before the cross he cries ;
 “Lord ! I am vile as sinners be !
 “Honor is none but comes from thee :
 “Lord ! to thy fool give grace !
 “Unworthy I the crown of king :
 “Yet to thy fool thy pity bring,
 “In this same holy place ;
 “Unworthy I to kneel in prayer,
 “Yet, Lord ! thy fool in pity spare !”
 The chancel lay in the dim moonshine :
 Who could that sudden light divine
 From garments like glistering snow ?
 A golden diadem on his head,
 With cheek as the clear vermillion red,
 And locks of amber flow,
 God’s angel stood ’gainst the chapel-wall : }
 The same who sat in Robert’s hall,
 And rode to Urban’s festival. }
 He by the hand the monarch took :
 His golden wings he rustling shook,
 And glided smooth and fast,
 Above the ground were hung his feet ;
 So with the king along the street
 Through yielding air he pass’d ;
 And Robert sat in Urban’s hall,
 And shar’d his brother’s festival.’ pp. 15. 17.

The tale of the Legitimate Son, already referred to, is more in the ballad style. The emperor of Rome is told by his dying empress that only one of *her* three sons is *his*. The emperor leaves his throne to the king of Jerusalem till his true-born son is ascertained. This king of Jerusalem orders the dead body of the emperor to be set up as a mark for the three aspirants.

• Jerusalem’s king the mandate gave ;
 They raised the corse from its new-made grave ;
 With arrows and bows the sons must stand,
 And the sceptre shall gift the truest hand.
 The princes the shrouded monarch see
 At distance bound to a plantane tree :
 With steady aim the eldest stands,
 And the bowstring twangs in his nervous hands.

In the forehead cold of the breathless corse
 The arrow quivers with cleaving force;
 Then forth from the throng the second came,
 And wary stood with an archer's aim.

He drew the bow with rebounding twang,
 Through the whistling air the arrow sang ;
 As the light'ning swift, that bearded dart
 Was lodg'd in the lifeless monarch's heart.

Jerusalem's king then turn'd to know
 Why the youngest prince came loitering slow ;
 But with sobs and cries that rent the ear
 That youthful prince stood weeping near.

The darts and bow to his grasp were giv'n
 But his eyes in horror were rais'd to heav'n ;
 He trampled the bow and he snapp'd the dart,
 " Ah ! shall I pierce my father's heart ? "

Jerusalem's king from his throne stept down,
 On the youngest's brows he plac'd the crown ;
 " Untouch'd shall the corse of thy father be
 " By the hand of his son ; for thou art he ! " pp. 44, 45.

In one of the tales, the style of Thalaba is imitated.

The poems to which we referred, as doing most credit to Mr. Elton's talents, are called ' Musings.' They bear a considerable resemblance to some of the best productions of Wordsworth ; and though greatly inferior in originality, elevation and refinement, their deficiencies are more than compensated, in the view of a moralist, by the antidote they furnish to the fancies of that noble but perverted genius. One of these reveries is so much to our satisfaction, that we shall quote it entire, though it has already appeared, we believe, in the *Athenæum*.

' It is the Sabbath morn : the landscape smiles
 Calm in the sun ; and silent are the hills
 And vallies, and the blue serene of air.
 The sea scarce trembles to the rippling gale,
 Bright in tranquility. The vanish'd lark
 Breaks faint the silence, and disturbs it not.

Oh, native isle belov'd ! by rounding waves
 Bosom'd remote, and hallow'd from the world !
 What needs the dimly purpled light that glows
 Through imag'd glass, or what the measur'd chaunt
 Of monkish strains to the deep organ's peal,
 To rouse devotion ? when thy cliffs resound
 The wave's mild murmur, and thy thickets green
 Ring with the song of birds ? when flowers in dew
 Exhale their fragrance, and the sense is cheer'd
 By air and sunshine ? While fanatic groans,
 Breath'd from a gloomy spirit, rise to him

Who spread this verdure o'er the fields, who bade
 These violets spring, and lighted up the sun,
 Be mine with silence of the heart to praise
 His mercies, and adore his name of love.

Hail, scene of beauty ! scene of Sabbath calm !
 Thou greenest earth ! thou blue and boundless heaven !
 Thou sea, reposing like a stilly lake !
 Hail, ye, that blend your silence with the soul !

Around, the unimaginable God
 Moves visible to faith : but unconfus'd
 With these, the works and wonders of his hand :
 These *intercept* his presence, not reveal ;
 He sojourns not in clouds, nor is the light
 His essence : mingled with the common mass
 Of elements, as ancient sages dream'd ;
 God and his creatures one. Beyond the scope
 Of sense the incommunicable mind
 Dwelleth ; and they who with corporeal eye
 Adoring nature's beauteous forms, discern
 Intelligence in colours and in shades ;
 In sunlight, and the glimmer of the moon ;
 Who deem their worship holy, when they hear
 A God in empty winds, and in the sounds
 Of waters — they have bow'd th' idolatrous knee
 Before material atoms ! these are *his*,
 But not **HIMSELF** : suspended by his breath
 They are, and at his voice may cease to be.
 Away from us these mystic vanities,
 This heathen's wisdom, and this poet's creed :
 Away from us the morbid sympathy
 That blends itself with rocks and trees ; that stoops
 To fellowship with brutes ; that finds a soul
 In every bird that flits along the sky,
 A life in every leaf and every flower,
 Be thine the adoration ; thine the praise,
 And love, and wonder, **THOU, WHOSE NAME IS ONE !**
 And be thy Sabbath holy to thyself.' pp. 67. 69.

It is impossible, however, not to be disgusted with the sneer at public worship. The pretence of reprobating superstition and fanaticism, is too poor, and too stale a trick, to protect Mr. Elton against the charge of irreligion. We are persuaded that among ten thousand who neglect public worship, there is not one that ever resorts to scenes of romantic privacy to indulge a spirit of devotion. And how can Mr. Elton, as a professed friend at least to some kind of piety, and a well-wisher to the interests of human nature, debase and prostitute his talents to so unworthy a task, as that of discouraging those exercises of religion, which are at once most consonant with the habits and

tastes of our species, and which alone can retain in their minds the impression of an All-seeing Spirit, and an Invisible World?

There are two or three other passages in the volume which in our opinion lower its value, and will very probably obstruct its circulation. The Monodrama of Chiomara, a Gaulish woman, who, with a far nobler vengeance than Lucretia's, had slain the Roman by whom she had been taken captive and offered violence, is not exactly the kind of poem for female readers: and a still stronger objection applies to the *glowing* description of a dream.

We will conclude these strictures with an elegant passage from one of the 'Musings.'

' And now at length the bliss of certain hope
 Preys on my thought like some unquiet thing :
 Yes, were I pent in murkiest walls : were mine
 To hear no music but the clash of wheels ;
 Saw I no moonshine silvering the deep blue
 Of yonder arching heavens, but the dim light
 Of lamps that glimmer'd through the smoky mist ;
 Were it my home, I there should centre all
 Of peace, of beauty, of content, of joy.
 Not that I lightly deem of nature's scenes,
 Which on the painter's eye, the poet's mind,
 Beam inspiration. He in whom I live
 A second life, child of my youth, shall know
 The scenes of nature ; and his foot shall climb
 The mountain, and shall print the ocean-shore :
 His ear shall drink the melody of birds,
 And flocks ; of winds, and rills, and whispering boughs ;
 His eye shall *gaze* the sunset's ruddy light,
 And grow enamour'd of the gliding moon ;
 And thus to him shall solitude become
 A season of all pleasantness ; and thoughts
 Of virtue steal through beauty on his heart :
 And he shall bear within himself a spell
 To soothe each grief, and every bliss refine,
 A nameless and inseparable charm
 Of lonely joy.

But never shall he find
 The cot a cloister ; nor the flowery field
 A wilderness. From them he shall return
 With keener zest to scenes of varied life,
 And mingle with his kind. His reason thus
 Shall kindle, and his faculties discern
 Vice in its naked horror. Wisdom thus
 Shall be his guard ; and in the walks of men
 The lessons of experience shall be found,
 That midst the woods and fields are sought in vain.' pp. 77, 78.

The translations from Propertius are respectably executed, but are after all scarcely worth reading. Mr. Elton has only given us the substance of originals which had no value except the workmanship.

Art. VIII. *Sermons* by the late Rev. Richard De Courcy, Vicar of St. Alkmond, Shrewsbury. To which is prefixed, an *Essay on the Nature of pure and undefiled Religion*. Second Edition. 8vo. 1 p. 420. Matthews and Leigh. 1810.

WHEN we take up a second edition of this volume of *Sermons*, it can hardly be supposed we design to enter very minutely into its merits or defects;—although the circumstance of its having hitherto been confined to a limited circulation, seems to indicate the propriety of our giving some general notice of the nature of its contents.

Besides an essay on pure and undefiled religion, (supposed to have been originally intended for the pulpit,) the volume before us includes ten *Sermons* on the following subjects: evangelical truths stated, and the charge of novelty as a ground of prejudice against the gospel refuted: the nature and necessity of giving the heart to God, considered and enforced: an invitation to the gospel feast: the contrast (i. e. between the fruits of righteousness and of sin): an alarming view of God's desolating judgments: the nature and distinguishing marks of true conversion: the right knowledge of doctrine the fruit of obedience: Belshazzar's doom: the preparation requisite for the day of judgment: on the death of Mr. T. A.

After this enumeration of titles, it is hardly necessary to say in express terms, that but little originality is to be expected from these *Sermons* in point of matter: nor will it be understood as implying any severe censure, when we add that but little novelty can be discovered in the mode in which the doctrines and precepts of religion are stated, the arguments by which they are enforced, the allusions by which they are illustrated, or the imagery with which they are adorned. To those who consider the number and the variety of works which occupy every department of theology, and particularly in what a multitude of volumes every article of sacred truth has been separately and minutely discussed, branched into a thousand ramifications, and improved in innumerable ways under the denomination of *Sermons*—will probably appear, that a discourse, in which under subject properly chosen, we meet with just views of evan-

gical truth, correctness of division and arrangement, propriety in the choice of ornament, and a style possessing a competent degree of elegance and simplicity—is entitled to attention and approbation at least from its hearers ; and may, indeed, without greatly trespassing on the dignity of the public, prefer a claim to notice beyond the circle of the author's immediate friends and admirers.

Of the sermons before us it is rather difficult to give a discriminating character, for they have no very unusual faults nor peculiar excellences. Religious truth is for the most part clearly stated and enforced by just and cogent reasoning: but in the subordinate particular of style we have more to tolerate than admire. Though not uniformly ungraceful, it is frequently obscured by affectation, and vitiated by false ornament ; and these faults are unfortunately most prominent, in those parts in which the author attempts to rise by a display of his oratorical powers,—where poverty of sentiment is sometimes, veiled by pomp of words, and a studied structure of sentences.—We select a specimen of these sermons from the sixth, on the nature and distinguishing marks of true conversion.

“Conversion doth not consist in those things, which the blindness of some, the pride of others, and the pharisaical zeal of not a few, would substitute in its stead. For instance ; baptism is not conversion. It is only the outward sign of it. And, to mistake the sign for the thing itself, is as absurd as to make a shadow equal to the substance. The thing signified in baptism is, “a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness :” and this is conversion. But how many content themselves with having partaken of the outward ordinance, who do not understand the significancy of the institution, and know nothing of the blessings symbolically represented in it ! “He is not a Jew who is one outwardly,” (nor is he a Christian who is one no farther ;) “but he is a Jew,” (and a Christian,) “who is one inwardly : and circumcision,” (or baptism) “is that of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter ; “whose praise is not of men, but of God.” Rom. ii. 28, 29. Neither does the great change consist in a transient effect on the passions. These may often be mechanically wrought upon, and violent emotions excited in them, without the least concomitant influence from the spirit of God. One man may be affected under a sermon, and another weep at a tragedy, and both be in the same predicament as to their state of heart towards God. When the passions are moved, because the affections are engaged, and the understanding enlightened in the subject, then the work is produced not by the pathos of eloquence, or the violent mechanism of bawling and unmeaning vociferation, but by the finger of God. A change of the latter kind will be permanent and abiding. But conversions, such as spring from a transient gust of passion, will always evaporate “like the morning cloud or the early dew, that passeth away.” Hos. vi. 4. It would be equally absurd and dangerous to place true re-

ligion in an outward and partial reformation, often accompanied with a shew of zeal, which at the bottom is nothing but emptiness and ostentation. When a man all of a sudden cuts off some superfluities of naughtiness in dress and outward indulgence ; when he prunes off some excrescences, while the root of corruption remains untouched ; when to day he acts the part of a novice, and to-morrow like a fungus that shoots up in a night, he raises his head as a reformer, without wisdom or materials for beginning or conducting a reformation : in such cases, the conversion is often from bad to worse ; it is as if a harmless statue should be transformed into a venomous reptile ; or folly, stealing the venerable garb of truth, should commence tyrant, and like Solomon's madman, with the hand of outrageous zeal, scatter about arrows, firebrands, and death. Prov. xxvi. 19. From such conversions, and such converts as these, may the Lord at all times defend and save his church ! To change a denomination, or to adhere to that in which one may happen to have been born and educated, is not conversion. A man may turn protestant, then turn calvinist, then turn arminian, then turn methodist, then turn quaker or quietist, (an usual transition,) then turn dissenter, and last of all turn churchman, and yet, through all these revolutions, which have been more than once exemplified in a single character, he may not once have thought seriously of turning *Christian* — a name infinitely more honorable than all the empty titles that men assume to themselves, to distract the minds of their brethren, and to rear their own consequence often upon the ruins of peace and union. Some are no doubt very sincere and highly to be commended, for changing a denomination, when the interests of truth and the prosperity of their souls, or the dictates of conscience are the objects in view. But there is not a greater delusion under the heavens, than for a man to infer the safety of his state, merely from an idea of the purity of the communion to which accident or bigotry may have induced him to join himself. To turn to a party, and to turn to God, are as different as light and darkness. — As for those, who plead for their continuance in the old beaten track of formality, because as they say, "they will not change their religion," a discourse upon the nature of true conversion is intended to convince *such*, that *they have* in fact, *no religion to change*. And as for those, under the influence of a more refined delusion, who place religion in the espousal of orthodox opinions, which have no renovating influence on their hearts and lives, and often take a false refuge in doctrines, of which, alas ! they never experienced the power ; it is necessary to tell these, and their partners in self-deception, that religion is principally *a temper* ; and that to be really changed, is to have "the mind that was in Christ Jesus," to be governed by that love, which St Paul describes in 1st Cor. 13, and to be influenced by the humble temper of a little child. Without this, party is an insignificant badge, doctrines but chaff, zeal but wild-fire, and conversion but a name. pp. 273, 277.

Art. IX. *The System of Mathematical Education at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth.* Part I. By James Inman, A. M. Professor, Royal Naval College. 8vo. pp. vi. 109. Price 4s. Johnson and Co. 1810.

THIS is the title of “an introductory treatise on the principles of *Algebra*,” in the perusal of which we have been most grievously disappointed. The name of Mr. Inman is one that excites the most favourable prepossessions and expectations. He was senior wrangler, when he took his degree of A. B. at Cambridge, in 1800. He was, we believe, the astronomer who was to accompany Capt. Flinders in his voyage of discovery, had he not been detained at the Cape of Good Hope by indisposition. He was one of the three gentlemen recommended to the lords of the admiralty, by the university of Cambridge, as the best fitted by their mathematical attainments for the professorship at Portsmouth; and as he was the *successful* candidate, it is natural to conclude that he was the most accomplished and profound mathematician of the three. From a man so gifted, it is not natural to expect the very worst book on the subject of Algebra; yet we confess we never saw a treatise on the subject which was less worthy of recommendation than the one now before us. To say that Newton’s, Maclaurin’s, Saunderson’s, Simpson’s Emerson’s, and Bonnycastle’s are superior to it, might be to say nothing but what many would expect; but when we assert that even the introductions of Fenning and Mole are very much to be preferred, we shall necessarily surprise all but those who know the secret of “*cramming* senior wranglers.”*

There are two good maxims which it would be well for authors to bear in mind, when they sit down to write a book on any given subject, viz. to omit nothing essential, and to insert nothing extraneous. Upon both of these maxims has Mr. Inman infringed, but principally upon the former,—though he professes to have ‘made it his chief object to compress into his work as much useful information as possible.’ Vague as this profession doubtless is, it cannot, we presume, be quite unmeaning. Does the author intend to give ‘as much information as was possible,’ consistently with his talents and capabilities? This can hardly be: for it would be strange indeed, if a learned graduate of a learned and scientific university,—a senior wrangler, and “Smith’s prizeman” in his year,—and a Professor of a royal college, could not make a better book than that which we are now examining. Is it his object, then, to communicate ‘as much information as possible’ consistently with the price or magnitude of the work?

* See Ecl. Rev. Vol. V. p. 1101.

We are as much puzzled to admit this: for Wood's *Algebra*, a part of the Cambridge course, which in our college days sold for four shillings, the price of Mr. Inman's work, contains more than three times the quantity of matter; and in the relative value of the two, there is no determinable proportion. When an author talks of *compression*, we are not prepared for vacuity of space, for pages a quarter filled, and topics half discussed, or quite omitted;—yet such are the novelties with which professor Inman has surprised us, notwithstanding ‘he acknowledges with pleasure the advantage he has derived in the course of the work, from the friendship of the Rev. William Tate, the head master at the college; to whose judgement and experience he has often felt himself greatly indebted.’ What would be thought of an author who boldly professed to ‘compress into his work as much useful information as possible in average pages of *twenty-four lines*?’ Such, however, is the compression of the treatise before us; and hence it happens that many particulars are discussed very imperfectly, and others, as surds and even the binomial theorem, not mentioned at all.

To justify the use of the preceding language, a few extracts will be expected: take as follows.

‘Ex. 2. Multiply together $\frac{x^2}{y^2}$, $\frac{a^2-x^2}{x^2}$, and $\frac{y^2}{a^2-x^2}$

$$\text{Product } \frac{x^2 \times (a^2-x^2) \times y^2}{y^2 \times x^2 \times (a^2-x^2)} = 1$$

‘Ex. 3. Divide $\frac{2a}{5m}$ by $\frac{a}{m}$

$$\frac{2a}{5m} \div \frac{a}{m} = \frac{2a}{5m} \times \frac{m}{a} = \frac{2}{5}$$

This is the *whole* of p. 24, and it is classed under the head of *Vulgar fractions*. Equally rich and full of matter are pp. 4, 6, 18, 39, 46, 57, 82, 86, 90, 94, and 98. We regret much, that ‘the head master of the college, to whose judgement and experience’ the author was so greatly indebted, did not assist his friend to ‘cram’ these magnificent pages to a size still more portentous and astonishing.

If our readers can forgive the tedious length of the quotation, we will next extract the whole of Mr. Inman's disquisition on the involution of compound quantities, begging leave to assure them most positively that it is all, actually *all*, COMPRESSED into the space of page 35.

‘The involution of a compound quantity may either be represented by the proper index, or may actually take place.

‘Thus $(a+b)^2$ represents the 2d power of $a+b$
 $(a+b)^3$ represents the 3d power of $a+b$

• By actual multiplication it appears, that

$$(a + b)^2 = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$$

$$(a + b)^3 = a^3 + 3a^2b + 3ab^2 + b^3,$$

As we have no wish to overload our pages with such tremendous extracts, we shall take but one more. It is a fair specimen of a *full* page of Mr. Inman's work, being p. 53, and relates to the subject of quadratic equations.

• Rule. Reduce the proposed equation to one of the two following forms.

$$1. \quad x^2 + ax = b$$

$$2. \quad y^2 - ay = b$$

• Add to both sides the square of half the coefficient of the unknown quantity in the second term, in order to make the first side a perfect square, as

$$1. \quad x^2 + ax + \frac{a^2}{4} = b + \frac{a^2}{4}$$

$$2. \quad y^2 - ay + \frac{a^2}{4} = b + \frac{a^2}{4}$$

• Extract the square root of both sides; that of the first being the unknown quantity, and half the coefficient of the second term with its proper sign: as

$$1. \quad x + \frac{a}{2} = + \text{ or } -\sqrt{b + \frac{a^2}{4}}$$

$$2. \quad y - \frac{a}{2} = + \text{ or } -\sqrt{b + \frac{a^2}{4}},$$

Such are the precepts for quadratics, respecting which we have simply to remark, that they only comprise half the cases. This is the more extraordinary, since Mr. Inman's *first* example does not fall under either of these cases; for $x^2 - 12x = -32$, falls neither under the form $x^2 + ax = b$, nor $y^2 - ay = b$. We know not exactly what may be 'the limited term of a student's residence,' to which the professor says he has had 'an especial regard', but surely, if he stay long enough to learn quadratics at all, he ought to be shewn in what cases the equation $y^2 - ay + b = 0$ has two positive roots, or in what both its roots are imaginary; also under what circumstances apparent biquadratics become quadratics, and in what cases the positive root of a quadratic is greater in magnitude than the negative root, and *vice versa*.

This pamphlet is called 'the *first part* of the System of Mathematical Education at the Royal Naval College,' a title which we confess after the perusal of the treatise itself, has excited our dread. This 'System' is doubtless meant to comprehend navigation. That we may, as far as in our power, prevent the composition of a very superficial and useless book

on that subject also, we would beg leave to remind Professor Inman, that the best treatise on navigation in any language was expressly 'composed for the use of the royal mathematical school at Christ's Hospital, and the royal academy at Portsmouth,' by the late Mr. Robertson, head master of the last mentioned academy. The substance of that excellent work, would according to Mr. Inman's mode of *compression*, fill about twenty quarto volumes, and we conjecture the public, as well as the students at the royal naval college, would rather possess it in the present compass of two octavos, than see the whole or any part of it cast into the mould of such a new system as this first part now obliges us to expect from the present author.

Art. X. A Sermon, preached before the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, at their Meeting, on Tuesday, June 6, 1809, being the centenary Anniversary from the date of their Charter in 1709. By Sir H. Moncreiff Wellwood, Bart. D. D. To which is subjoined an Appendix, including the Scheme of the Society's Establishment for the year, from the 1st of May, 1809, to the 1st of May, 1810. 8vo. pp. 60, 30. Price 2s. Edinburgh, Creech, &c. ; Longman and Co. Hamilton, Ogle, &c. 1810.

THIS is a judicious and appropriate sermon, on a very interesting occasion. The text is Col. iii. 9, 10, 11. The reverend baronet first expatiates on the promised universality of the Christian faith, and then on the external means by which it is to be effected,—the obligation of sincere Christians to promote it,—and the discouragements they must expect. Several pages are devoted, with much ability, to expose the sophistry of those writers who have lately attempted, with such impious zeal, and such a total failure of success, to annihilate the cause of missions. 'The propagation of the gospel,' Sir Henry observes,

'is not to be abandoned, because it is ignorantly or insidiously stated, that missions to the heathen involve events with which they have no concern ; or because there are subjects of ridicule held up to the public, which it requires neither talents nor genius to extract from the innocent and often absurd peculiarities of men, who know much more of practical religion than they will ever be able to learn of the manners of the world.' —It may be added with truth, that were it even admitted, that the representations to their prejudice are well founded, the conclusions so confidently deduced from them, if followed out to their full extent, would lead to consequences, which would prevent for ever the exertions of the Christian world, to promulgate the gospel to heathen nations ; consequences, equally fatal to the present and eternal happiness of the human race.' pp. 49—51.

It is quite needless to say any thing in praise of the very excellent and useful institution which called forth the present discourse. Any reader who may not be acquainted with it, will be much gratified in perusing this pamphlet.

Art. XI. *The Maniac*, with other Poems. By John Lawson, scap. 8vo. pp. 95. Price 3s. Burditt. 1810.

A Regular study of the best models, might have made this writer a very tolerable poet. He has not learned to distinguish simplicity from dulness, or energy from bombast; but he is by no means deficient in sensibility, or destitute of imagination. Domestic misfortunes, which are indeed the subject of the principal poem, appear to have subdued his mind to an habitual melancholy, which will excite compassion, if not sympathy, in every humane and benevolent reader. The poem turns on the re-encounter and eventual recognition of two brothers, one of whom had been kidnapped by a press gang, and the other, after being deprived of his parents by death, and of his property by fraud and accident, had lost his reason. The poem is, in point of *manner*, a glaring imitation,—we had almost said, a degrading mimicry—of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*. It is disposed in the form of dialogue; but the continual strain of lamentation, scarcely ever diversified by a striking event, a vigorous thought, or a brilliant expression, and giving only the form of verse to the substance of prose, is rather wearisome. The least exceptionable passage we can select, is the sailor's account of his shipwreck.

'Soon the bulging ship went down;
Then I heard death's piercing shriek;
'Twas his cold and rigid frown,
Killed the rose, and swelled the cheek.

Slumbering on the rocking bed,
By the burdened tempest toss'd;
On the waves the bloated dead
Rolled, then strewed the barren coast.

I alone survived the rest,
Floating on the shivered mast;
Gained the lonesome shore unblest,
Hurled before the driving blast.

'Twas the mast where once I stood,
Trembling at the tyrant's scourge,
Saved me from the yawning flood—
Bore me o'er the troubled surge.' pp. 32, 33.

Art. XII. *The Qualifications and the Work of a Christian Pastor*; a Sermon addressed to the members of the Baptist Academical Institution at Stepney, near London. By William Newman, 8vo. pp. 46. Price 1s. Burditt. 1810.

WE have read this Sermon with great satisfaction: the text is happily chosen, and affords one, among the few instances to be met with, of judicious and successful accommodation of scripture language, where what was originally applied to one subject is used for the elucidation of another. The words are, *he fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands*—originally descriptive of the princely character of David; whence the author takes occasion to illustrate the operation, and enforce the necessity, of integrity and skill in those who sustain the Pastoral Office.

In handling these topics the preacher has evinced much knowledge of his subject, accurate observation on life, and that peculiar warmth and unction which is the characteristic excellence of sermons. The merit of this discourse, however, is not confined to the discussion of the subject suggested by the text. The writer has with much force and ingenuity unfolded the objects, and recommended the interests, of that new academical Institution, whose formation occasioned its delivery. He has refuted the objections to such institutions in a very able manner; and set the advantages to be reaped from them in such a light, as we should hope cannot fail of producing conviction. As a specimen of his manner, we present our readers with the following extract, which we by no means select as the best, but merely as a fair sample. After enumerating some of the benefits to be reaped by studious youth's residing some years at a well conducted theological seminary, he adds,

‘ Above all, is it not an advantage of incalculable value, to have an interest in the friendship and the care of a man of God, who unites in his own character, the wisdom of the preceptor, the dignity of the governor, and the affection of the father.—A man of large and liberal mind, whose piety is of the highest and purest order, whose judgement is matured by long experience, whose manners are conciliating, whose, “ own example strengthens all his laws;” who will correct their mistakes with candour, who will stimulate their zeal by his own indefatigable industry, and encourage them, in every case of difficulty, freely to open their hearts to him? Such a man will be like Samuel in the school of the prophets. May I not even say, he will resemble the Lord Jesus in the midst of his twelve disciples, who were prepared under his own eye and care, to go out and evangelize the world? His labours will be arduous, indeed, but, we trust, they will be successful. His pupils will imbibe his sentiments, his spirit, and his manners. His very looks, and tones, and gestures will be copied, often insensibly, and without design. His work will be like that of engraving on copper-plates, from a few of which thousands of valuable impressions may be taken. Or, to use a sacred metaphor, he will sow good seed in good ground, which will bring forth thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold.’ pp. 31, 32.

Art. XIII. *Instructive Tales.* By Mrs. Trimmer. Collected from the Family Magazine. 12mo. pp. 290. price 4s. bds. Hatchard, Rivington. 1810.

WE heartily recommend these familiar tales, as an appropriate and useful addition to the cottage library.

Art. XIV. *Feeling, or Sketches from Life;* a Desultory Poem, with other Pieces. By a Lady. 8vo. pp. 162. price 5s. Edinburgh, Manner and Co. Longman and Co. 1810.

IF this lady's power of doing good were equal to her desire, we should have had a very agreeable task to perform in reading and recommending this volume. As it is not her lot to command admiration, she must be contented with esteem.

Art. XV. *The Consolations of the Gospel under afflictive and bereaving Providences*; a Sermon, on occasion of the much lamented Death of Mr. William Clapham: delivered in White Chapel, Leeds, Oct. 14, 1810, and published at the Request of several of the Hearers. By William Eccles. pp. 32. Price 1s. Burditt.

THIS is an affectionate tribute to the memory of an esteemed friend, which does credit both to the feelings and the talents of its author. Mr. E. has chosen for his text 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. *For I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, &c.*; from which he considers, what cause of sorrow the present event affords, and what rich consolation is to be obtained from the hope of the Gospel concerning it. The latter of these divisions is made the principal subject of discussion, under which are introduced a series of remarks well adapted to reconcile and comfort the minds of the afflicted survivors. The whole is distinguished by good sense, evangelical sentiment, and a considerable degree of pathos. Several interesting particulars are mentioned relative to the life, character, and last illness of this excellent man; some of which, did our limits permit, we should be happy to present to our readers.

Art. XVI. *Fables in Verse*, by the Rev. Henry Rowe, LL.B. Rector of Ringshall, in Suffolk. 8vo. pp. 314. price 15s. J. J. Stockdale, 1810.

IF this volume were not written by a clergyman and dedicated to a peer, we should pronounce it to consist of the vilest doggrel, adorned with the vilest cuts.

Art. XVII. *The Excellency of the Gospel*; an Ordination Sermon, preached at Union-street Chapel, North Shields, Aug. 23, 1809, published at the Request of the Church. By John Arundel, Whitby. pp. 33. Baynes. 1810.

THE discourse before us is plain and serious; it contains many useful thoughts not unhappily adapted to the occasion, and the whole tendency is excellent. Though the sentiment contained in the following passage, which is the very first in the discourse, is beyond dispute, we do not exactly perceive the logical connexion of the argument. 'God is a being of infinite glory. In his own perfect nature he possesses a glory that cannot be described, yea which cannot be perceived by creatures. This glory, therefore, Jehovah had before any revelation was given to man; &c.'

Art. XVIII. *English Grammar taught by Examples*, rather than by rules of Syntax, &c. 12mo. pp. 88. price 2s. bound. Darton and Co. 1810.

ANY one who is too busy or too dull to master the ordinary grammars, may try his chance with this very inadequate substitute; though we should almost recommend him, as a still wiser course, to give up the study altogether.

Art. XIX. *A Door opening into Everlasting Life*; or, an Essay tending to advance Gospel Holiness, and to establish the hearts of true believers against their many doubts and fears. In five short treatises. By the Rev. Andrew Gray, late Vicar of Mottram, near Stockport, Cheshire. With a recommendation by the Rev. Mr. Olerenshaw, Minister of Mellor, Derbyshire. 12mo. pp. 260. Price 4s. Williams. 1810.

WE do not perceive that the republication of this work was at all necessary though its principles and tendency are, for the most part, unexceptionable. 'It does not appear,' says the present editor, 'to have been printed more than once, which was in the year 1706, and perhaps was never much circulated beyond the bounds of the author's parish.' It is now published principally for the use of the same neighbourhood, and more especially of the 'adjoining large and populous chapelry of Mellor,' of which Mr. O. is, we doubt not, a worthy minister.

Art. XX. *The Duties of the Clerical Profession*. Selected from various authors and elucidated with notes. 12mo. pp. 170. Price 3s. 6d. Romsey, Jackson; Crosby and Co. 1810.

THE contents of this pamphlet are, in general, very excellent; and most of the writers quoted, are of the highest authority. Its plan, however, is not likely to procure it a circulation proportioned to its value.

Art. XXI. *The moral or intellectual last Will and Testament of John Stewart the Traveller, the only man of nature that ever appeared in the world.* 18mo. pp. 415! 1810.

A PIECE of incoherent raving. The discipline of a keeper might possibly do the unhappy writer some service, but he is too far gone, by a great deal, for the critics. We will oblige him, however, by transcribing his last paragraph.

'Having divulged and published these important truths, I am now resigned to the pig-arsenic, or Italian powder, of the French foreign police; confident that such an act of unparalleled atrocity would, like Prometheus' torch, sanctify and animate my counsels, and rouse Englishmen to the sacred contest of reason, truth, and nature, against revolutionary terror, tending to desolate, to bestialize, and to extinguish the human species; and if the Tyrant should think me beneath his notice, and not perforate my lungs, as I most sacredly believe he did the great minister Pitt's (for none but a most inveterate dram-drinker dies of perforated lungs), whom he honors with the title of enemy, alone to be dreaded (if it is true that the viper Fouche burnt records disgraceful to humanity, what must his private orders be, to justify the most horrid suspicions of his bestial nature?)---I shall spend the remainder of my life to develope the laws of intellectual power; of which, I think, I have discovered a most consummate system.'

ART. XXII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

* * Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid,) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.

Bishop Porteus' Works, complete, with his Life, by the Rev. R. Hodgson, in six octavo volumes, will appear in a few weeks. The Life will also be sold separately.

In the course of the present month will be published, elegantly printed in 4 vols. 8vo. the Gleaner; being a series of periodical essays, selected and arranged from papers not included in the last edition of the British Essayists; with an Introduction and Notes. By Nathan Drake, M. D. author of Literary Hours, and of Essays on Periodical Literature. The Gleaner will contain the best Essays of the best Periodical Papers which, exclusive of those printed in the British Essayists, have been published in this country to the year 1797. They will be accompanied by Tables of Contents, Indexes, and Translations of the mottos. There will be a few large paper copies.

A Life of Sir Michael Foster, knt. by the late Michael Dodson, Esq. originally written for the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, will shortly be published.

Mr. Robert Kerr is engaged on a General History and Collection of Voyages and Travels, arranged in systematic order, and illustrated by maps and charts. It is expected to make eighteen volumes in octavo, and to be published in thirty-six parts, the first of which will appear on the first of January next.

In the course of the present month will be published in 8vo. price 12s. extra boards, a new and corrected edition of The Pilgrim's Progress; in which the language of that admirable work is somewhat improved, several of its obscurities elucidated, and many of its redundancies done away. By the Rev. Joshua Gilpin, Vicar of Wrockwardine, Salop. A few copies will be printed on royal paper, and hot-pressed, price 18s.

At the same time will be published, the fourth edition of A Monument of Parental Affection to a dear and only son, by the same author.

Dr. Gregory, of the Royal Military Academy, has recently printed "Geometrical Elements of Isoperimetry, and of the maxima and minima of surfaces and solids," which make part of a miscellaneous volume that will be published early next year.

Mr. John Bellamy proposes to publish by subscription, in two octavo volumes, the Fall of Deism, wherein the objections of the Deists against the Old and New Testaments, during the last sixteen hundred years, are answered, by a strict adherence to the literal sense of the Hebrew language.

The Rev. G. B. Mitchell, has nearly ready for publication, Family Sermons for every Sunday in the year, selected from the works of Archbishop Secker.

The Bishop of London is printing a work on the subject of Calvinism, which will comprehend his last three charges, with considerable additions and numerous quotations from the works of Calvin and of the ancient fathers.

In the press, The Second Exodus, or Reflections on the Prophecies of the Last Times, in 2 vols. By the Rev. William Ettric, M. A. late Fellow of University College, Oxford.

Early in December, will be published, in demy 4to. with 25 vignette engravings and maps, price 2l. 15s. and elegantly printed on fine royal paper, 4l. 8s. The Holy Bible; containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorized Versions; with Notes by several learned and pious reformers, those on the New Testament being by Theodore Beza, as printed by royal authority at the time of the reformation. To which are added, by the present Editor, Dissertations on the several Portions of the Holy Scriptures, additional Notes, &c. Consistently with the terms of the prospectus, this work will be completed in 44 Numbers, at 1s. 6d. or in eleven parts at 5s. each; but, having extended many sheets beyond the original computation, it will be afterwards necessarily advanced in price.

This advance will take place on the 1st of January, 1811, when the price will be 3l. demy, and 4l. 16s. royal.

Speedily will appear in 3 vols. 8vo. dedicated (with his Majesty's most gracious permission) to the King, *The Elements of the Science of War*; containing the modern established and approved principles of the theory and practice of the military science. By William Muller, Lieutenant of the King's German Engineers, &c.

Mr. Wm. Richards will shortly publish a History of Lynn, civil, commercial, political, and military, in an octavo volume.

Mr. Coxe's Literary Life and Select Works of Richard Stillingfleet, will shortly appear, in three octavo volumes, with portraits and other engravings.

Mr. Barron Field, student of the Inner Temple, has in the press, in an octavo volume, a Series of Analytical Questions from Blackstone's Commentaries, to which the student is to frame his own answers, by reading that work.

Mr. Myers, of the Royal Military Academy, will shortly complete an Introduction to Historical, Physical, and Political Geography; accompanied with maps, and adapted to the higher classes of pupils, under both public and private tuition.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Leeds, has in the press, a History of the Human Teeth, with a Treatise on their diseases from infancy to age, adapted for general information.

Mr. Smart is preparing for the press a Guide to Parsing, in which Mr. Murray's arrangement will be followed.

Mr. Gregory Wood has in the press, in an octavo volume, an Account of the Isle of Man, comprising its history, antiquities, and present state.

The Right Hon. George Rose has in the press an enlarged edition of a Brief Examination into the Increase of Commerce and the Revenue, brought down to the present time.

Mr. Johues' second edition of Monstrelet's Chronicle will soon appear in twelve octavo volumes, with a quarto volume of plates.

The new edition of Addison's Works, with notes, &c. by the late Bishop Hurd, in six octavo volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Henry Card will speedily publish a second edition of *Literary Recreations*, with additions.

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